THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The news which continues to come from India regarding the famine is the most serious which has reached this country since 1857. According to the last message, the eagerly expected rainfall has come, but not in sufficient abundance to remove anxiety. "Crops kept alive; prospects of harvest uncertain; short harvests probable, though rain may come to save much." But at the most hopeful estimate, short harvests mean starvation to several millions of people unless the exertions of the Government are successful. The horrors of the war now raging in Turkey are slight compared with this calamity, which Government intervention may mitigate but cannot wholly avert. From the political point of view, this famine, the gravest we have had to encounter, raises very serious questions. If it is successfully met, it may help to secure the attachment of the natives to English rule. On the other hand, the cost at which it will have to be met, which can hardly be less than 20,000,000*l.*, is a serious consideration for Indian finance. Can India be made self-supporting, and what sacrifice is England prepared to make for its possession?

The greater part of Marshal MacMahon's speech at Bourges is in the same line with his famous Message to the Army in which he promised to fulfil his mission *jusqu'au bout*. Of course the President of the French Republic did not once pronounce the word Republic; that is his habit, and need occasion no surprise. On the other hand, he speaks of the Constitution, and apparently believes that the Constitution of 1875 gave him certain prerogatives without imposing upon him any duties. He invites the electors to vote for his candidates in order "to put an end to the crisis," and favour the peaceful development of the national greatness. All this is merely an iteration of his Order of the Day after the review of July 1. But in the interval which has elapsed between the review in the Bois de Boulogne and the procession through the streets of Bourges, the Marshal seems to have become aware of the unpopularity of his Government. He condescends to justify it, as if he had been placed at the bar. He steps between his candidates and the abuse which the Republicans have never ceased to heap upon them. He denies that his Government has anything to do with the priests. He pretends even that it has no relations with Monarchy. These denials are not likely to convince anybody. The electors see that the Government is supported by the priests, and they conclude that the Government is clerical. They see that the only official candidates are Bonapartists and Legitimists, and it is difficult for them to believe that the Marshal is a friend of the Republic. Still, that the Marshal should think it expedient to separate himself from his supporters, is significant.

It is not without a motive that Marshal MacMahon has chosen the town of Bourges in which to receive royal honours, the triumphal entry, the salute of 101 cannon, the official address, and the fireworks. Bourges is one of the strongholds of the clerico-military party at this moment in power. The Archbishop of Bourges, who enjoys the title of Primate of Aquitaine, belongs to the noble family of La Tour d'Auvergne. General Ducrot, who holds the chief command in the camp of Avor, one of the most important military establishments in France, is also at the head of the 8th *corps d'armée*, as well as being Mayor of Bourges. It was General Ducrot who, in 1873, wished to have the honour of bringing the Comte de Chambord to Paris and proclaiming him King of France. The Court of Appeal, of which Bourges is the seat, never fails to aggravate the sentences passed upon Republican journalists. Nevertheless, at the last general election in 1876, M. Buffet, then President of the Council, was beaten by M. Devonceux, who was, at the time of the dissolution, president of the Republican Left, one of the five groups which formed the majority of 363. One can understand the importance at the coming elections of the defeat of the illustrious Republican lawyer. This is the reason why the Marshal has chosen Bourges for his visit of state, rather than Tours or Rouen, or even St. Etienne, which were spoken of before. The Government believed that the parade of so many brilliant uniforms, the assemblage of functionaries of every order throughout the department, would dazzle the electors, and determine them to vote against M. Devonceux. It is doubtful whether the calculation will prove a just one. We must remember that, in 1830, Polignac adopted the same plan as the De Broglie Cabinet, and exhibited Charles X. to the population, as the present Ministers are parading the Marshal. The King returned enchanted with his journey. They had showed him an enthusiastic population on the same principle on which Potemkin showed Catherine II. the goodly villages improvised on the banks of the Volga. The poor King believed in the sincerity of the official huzzahs. It ought to be an example to the Marshal.

If Marshal MacMahon had been in America, his appeal to the army as the guardians of order would have been intelligible. But "An American Citizen," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about the Railway Riots, takes a less despairing view of his country than is common on this side of the Atlantic. He explains the riots, and the rioters, and reduces them to much less alarming origin and proportions. In the first place, he shows that the

riots are more limited in extent than might be supposed from the distances between the various seats of them. They are confined to three lines of railway, with a mileage of 75,000 miles—the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Erie Railways. Next he accounts for the tendency on the part of the population to sympathise at first with the rioters. The reason has been frequently given within the last fortnight, but we have not seen it stated so strongly as by "An American Citizen." "The managers of these railways by creating a monopoly, and constituting themselves a close corporation, had made a portion of the West malcontent, as well as their operatives; and hence in their quarrel with the latter on the question of reduction of wages could expect little sympathy or support from the former until it became a public duty for the maintenance of law and order." "When the fact is stated that thousands upon thousands of bushels of corn in the Far West have been burnt for fuel or used as manure because the cost of transit exceeded its price when it reached its market, the feelings of the farmers of that section towards the 'railway kings' may be comprehended. It speaks volumes for the American respect for law and order that under such terrible provocation, long and obstinately protracted, the western people resorted to no extra-judicial or forcible remedies, but submitted with dogged patience to these exactions and losses." Finally, as regards the rioters, "An American Citizen" seems to regard them as being in a large measure a legacy from the great war. "Even the meagre despatches thus far received show that this attempt to excite a conflict between capital and labour, as an excuse for riot, in three or four commercial centres in the Western and Middle States, originated with, and was carried on, not by any large or really influential body of American citizens, but by aliens and foreigners, who had drifted over to the United States during the late war, tempted by the high bounties and hopes of plunder; reinforced by crack-brained Socialists and Communists, expelled from European States, with whom liberty and licence, government and tyranny, are synonymous terms." In proof of this charge against expatriated Communists, the writer appeals to the telegrams, which make mention of "Communists," and also to the names of the rioters killed at Chicago. He declares that he has never heard of "an American Communist, not even among men of foreign origin, born or educated in the country." Altogether, "An American Citizen" puts a much less appalling face upon the riots than they have hitherto worn.

There has been for some time a growing conviction in Austria that Prince Bismarck is more firmly allied with Russia than is generally supposed, or than the anti-Slav tone of the majority of the Russian journals would lead one to imagine. The very fact that the German Press is allowed to indulge in such bitter invective is regarded as a proof that it is not intended to make use of the results against Russia, but rather against Austria. In confirmation of this view, the *Pester Lloyd* gives an account of Count Bray's recent journey to Kragujevatz. Here he took the opinion of the leading men of the Liberal party in Servia as to the capability of the country to renew the war? The reply was that, though weakened, Servia was not exhausted, and could not possibly remain inactive if Roumania took part in the war. In reply to these observations, Count Bray remarked, "That the wishes of the Czar in regard to Bulgaria were well received in Berlin, and that the German Government could not, and did not, regard the establishment of minor independent Slav States on the Danube as prejudicial to European interests."

Regarding the Austrian mobilisation of troops, the Hungarian journal *Ellenör*, which is generally well-informed, states:—"The mobilisation, not only of a few *corps d'armée*, but of the whole army, is contemplated. The necessary instructions have been given for the last three days. The *corps d'armée* of the first line have received telegraphic command to open their sealed orders, so that the mobilisation can proceed as follows:—In the first two days, the three *corps d'armée* which have been dislocated on the frontier; in four days more, another four *corps d'armée*; and in twelve days, the whole Austro-Hungarian army and 150,000 Houveds can be mobilised. In the meantime it will be sufficient to mobilise the frontier corps, and to publish the fact that the army is ready for war." Under any circumstances, the mobilisation even of the frontier corps points to the conclusion that some steps are to be taken, though the Hungarians assert that it is only a precautionary measure paralleled by the despatch of British troops to Malta. *Pester Lloyd* states that Austria will not occupy Bosnia till England occupies Gallipoli.

The position of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, as stated in the report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the best available means of protecting life and property in the metropolis from fire, has been misunderstood, and not quite correctly stated, in some of the daily papers. The conclusions of the Committee are, in the main, in affirmation of the plan propounded by the first General Board of Health in 1850. The starting-point of the Board was a principle laid down by Braidwood, that, as a rule, relief by engines or fire-escapes, to be effectual, must be on the spot within five minutes after a fire has broken out. How was this to be done? At that period, the average time taken by the brigade engines to appear on the scene was twenty-five minutes, and, as a rule, their chief service was in confining the fire to the premises where it broke out. Since then, by the use of the telegraph, the arrival of the engines has been expedited to an average of fifteen minutes. But that is still by two-thirds too late. The idea adopted by the General Board of Health, in view of the difficulty of bringing engines to the spot in time, was to combat fires not by engines but by improvement in the water-supply. They proposed that the supplies of water should be placed under unity of management, under the constant system of supply, maintained always at high pressure, that the mains should be hydranted, and that the apparatus from the hydrants used regularly for street washing should be supplied with a hose and jet, which, for the purpose of fire prevention, might be immediately applied by the police. Thus relief might be obtained in two or three minutes, within half Braidwood's limit for efficacy. In 1850, this plan, from the opposition of the water companies and the weakness of Sir George Grey, the then Secretary of State for the Home Office, fell through. But it would seem to have received the countenance of the present Committee.

It was high time that some encouragement should be given to the idea of meeting the dangers of fire by improved water supply in the metropolis. The principles of the Board of Health, though rejected here in 1850, have been applied with marvellous success in other towns, in Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. In these towns under the new system only in about 3 or 4 per cent. of cases are "calls" made for brigade force, or for steam or large horse-engines. In Manchester, for example, during the last year, which was stated to be an exceptional year for serious fires, out of 340 cases of fires, 200 were put out by the use of two or three large pailsful of water, and in only some seven cases were the large brigade engines called for. In 70 per cent. of cases, fires there are put out by the police with buckets of water, and by small hand pumps attached to the buckets. At Manchester also, it is stated that no less than 97 per cent. of the fires are confined to the rooms where they occur. In London, as we know, the present system, as a rule, only confines the fires to the houses where they occur. At the three cities where the amended system prevails, the loss of life and property by ordinary fires is on the average less than a third of what occurs in the metropolis. Here the "calls" for the brigade force amount to between four and five a day.

At Manchester the calls are little more than one a week. With these results realised in the provinces, it is almost incredible that our means of dealing with fires in London should be in such a primitive condition.

The Metropolitan Board of Works seems to object to the expense of altering the water apparatus to suit a system of high pressure. Considering the enormous losses arising from inefficient means of dealing with fires, this would seem to be penny wisdom and pound foolishness. But the Board also exaggerates the cost of alteration. On behalf of the Board, it was stated that to change the intermittent to the constant supply would incur an expense of 8*l.* per house. It was stated from Manchester that the cost of the conversion, under greater difficulties than in London, was 11*s.* per house. On the part of the Board it was stated that the cost of hydrants would be 10*l.* each. It was shown that at Manchester efficient hydrants cost 2*l.* 10*s.* each. But, then, against the cost of conversion, there are other economies to be set. Thus Captain Shaw required that the Brigade force, to make it efficient, should be augmented from 400 to 900 men. So little have the Brigade force at Glasgow to do that the chief station is a manufactory of hydrants and hose, in which the men occupy themselves, being mechanics, and are paid some 4*s.* per week extra for attending fire-calls when they do occur. Instead of more Brigade force, less would be required for the metropolis under the system originally proposed by the Board of Health. The entire police force being trained to the fire-service, as in Manchester and elsewhere, would be in effect an augmented fire force of 10,000 men, of whom some 4,000 would always be on patrol at night in readiness to apply the water apparatus in two or three minutes' time.

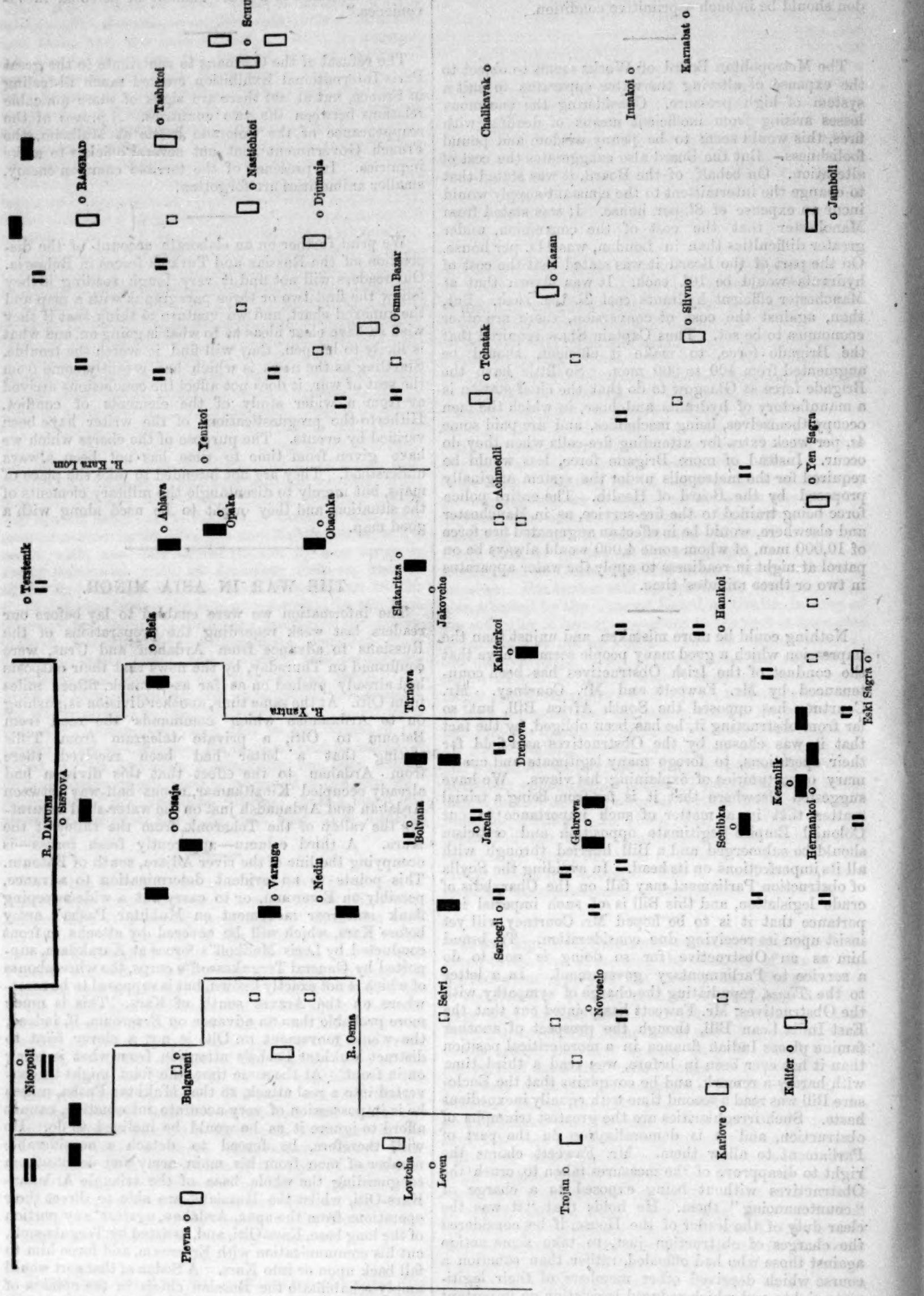
Nothing could be more mistaken and unjust than the impression which a good many people seem to have that the conduct of the Irish Obstructives has been countenanced by Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Courtney. Mr. Courtney has opposed the South Africa Bill, but so far from obstructing it, he has been obliged, by the fact that it was chosen by the Obstructives as a field for their operations, to forego many legitimate and customary opportunities of explaining his views. We have suggested elsewhere that it is far from being a trivial matter that in a matter of such importance to our Colonial Empire legitimate opposition and criticism should be submerged and a Bill hurried through with all its imperfections on its head. In avoiding the Scylla of obstruction Parliament may fall on the Charybdis of crude legislation, and this Bill is of such imperial importance that it is to be hoped Mr. Courtney will yet insist upon its receiving due consideration. To brand him as an Obstructive for so doing is not to do a service to Parliamentary government. In a letter to the *Times*, repudiating the charge of sympathy with the Obstructives, Mr. Fawcett has pointed out that the East India Loan Bill, though the prospect of another famine places Indian finance in a more critical position than it has ever been in before, was read a third time with hardly a remark, and he complains that the Enclosure Bill was read a second time with equally inexpedient haste. Such irregularities are the greatest triumphs of obstruction, and it is demoralisation on the part of Parliament to allow them. Mr. Fawcett claims the right to disapprove of the measures taken to crush the Obstructives without being exposed to a charge of "countenancing" them. He holds that "it was the clear duty of the leader of the House, if he considered the charges of obstruction just, to take some action against those who had offended, rather than sanction a course which deprived other members of their legitimate rights, and which reduced legislation on important measures to almost an idle farce." And instancing the cases of hasty legislation to which we have referred, he states his belief that "if, when systematic obstruction is offered, it is to be met by the House resolving to sit continuously, far graver consequences may ensue than subjecting members and others who have to attend the House to a great amount of personal inconvenience."

The refusal of the Germans to contribute to the great Paris International Exhibition created much ill-feeling in France, but at last there are signs of more amicable relations between the two countries. *À propos* of the reappearance of the Colorado beetle at Mulheim, the French Government sent out several officials to make inquiries. In presence of the terrible common enemy, smaller animosities are forgotten.

We print further on an elaborate account of the disposition of the Russian and Turkish forces in Bulgaria. Our readers will not find it very tough reading if they follow the first two or three paragraphs with a map and the annexed chart, and we venture to think that if they wish to have clear ideas as to what is going on, and what is likely to happen, they will find it worth the trouble. Startling as the news is which has recently come from the seat of war, it does not affect the conclusions arrived at from a wider study of the elements of conflict. Hitherto the prognostications of the writer have been verified by events. The purpose of the charts which we have given from time to time has not been always understood. They are not intended to take the place of maps, but merely to disentangle the military elements of the situation, and they ought to be used along with a good map.

THE WAR IN ASIA MINOR.

The information we were enabled to lay before our readers last week regarding the preparations of the Russians to advance from Ardahan and Urut, were confirmed on Thursday, by the news that their outposts had already pushed on as far as Pennek, fifteen miles from Olti. At the same time, another division is pushing on to Ardanudsh which commands the road from Batoum to Olti, a private telegram from Tiflis stating that a letter had been received there from Ardahan to the effect that this division had already occupied Kinzithamar, about half-way between Ardahan and Ardanudsh just on the water-shed separating the valley of the Tcharouk from the valley of the Kura. A third column—apparently fresh forces—is occupying the line of the river Adjara, south of Batoum. This points to an evident determination to advance, possibly on Erzeroum, or to carry out a wide sweeping flank and rear movement on Mukhtar Pasha's army before Kars, which will be covered by attacks in front conducted by Loris Melikoff's forces at Karakdara, supported by General Tergukassoff's corps, the whereabouts of which is not exactly known, but is supposed to be somewhere on the Araxes south of Kars. This is much more probable than an advance on Erzeroum, if, indeed, the whole movement on Olti is not a clever feint to distract Mukhtar Pasha's attention from what is going on in front. At the same time, the feint might be converted into a real attack, so that Mukhtar Pasha, unless he is in possession of very accurate information, cannot afford to ignore it as he would be inclined to do. He will, therefore, be forced to detach a considerable number of men from his main army and devote them to guarding the whole base of the triangle Ardahan-Kars-Olti, whilst the Russians are able to direct their operations from the apex, Ardahan, against any portion of the long base, Kars-Olti, and, assisted by Tergukassoff, cut his communication with Erzeroum, and force him to fall back upon or into Kars. A Sedan of that sort would amply rehabilitate the Russian chiefs in the opinion of those clamorous critics who probably know no more about the nature of the country than they do about the moon.


R. Kara Lom
R. Xantra
R. DANUBE
Tenstenik
Biela
Ablava
Opaka
Obochka
Slataritza
Jakovcho
Yenikoi
RASGRAD
Tashkoi
SCHUMLA
Nastichkoi
Djumaja
Osman Bazar
Tirnova
SISTOVA
Obsaja
Bolvana
Varanga
Nedin
Bulgareni
R. Oema
Nicopoli
Plevna
Lovtcha
Leven
Selvi
Serbegli
Jarela
Drenova
Gabrova
Schibka
Novoselo
Trojan
Karlove
Kalifer
Hermankoi
Kezanlik
Eski Sagra
Yen Sagra
Jamboli
Karnabat
Inzakoi
Chalikavak
Kazan
Silvno
Tchatak
Achmedli
Kaliferkoi
Hanikoi
EXPLANATION.
Turks.
Turkish advance posts.
Roumanians.
Russians.
Russian advance posts.

THE WAR IN BULGARIA.

The annexed sketch has been based on private information, derived from authentic sources on each side, and may be regarded in all essentials as accurate as a sketch can possibly be which represents positions that are daily, if not, indeed, hourly, liable to change. The Turkish army under Mehemet Ali, it will be seen, extends from the vicinity of Rasgrad to Tchatak, with the centre resting on the reserves at Schumla. The communication between his left wing, of which the advance posts are at Achmedli, and the corps of Suleiman Pasha and Raouf Pasha, between Jamboli and Eski Sagra, is kept open by strong detachments at Kazan and Slivno, commanding the passes that debouch at and near Slivno, into the basin of the upper Tundja. And supposing these positions to be forced by the Russians, there still remains the high road leading from Schumla *viâ* Chalikavak and Karnabat to Jamboli.

The lines occupied by Suleiman Pasha and Raouf Pasha reach from Jamboli to Eski Sagra, the right wing centring on Jamboli, the centre resting on Yeni Sagra, and the left on Eski Sagra. Thence to Kalifer, where the advance posts of Osman Pasha's extreme right are situated, communications are interrupted by the Russian corps and General Gourko's cavalry at and near Kezanlik, the chief concentration—assessed at 30,000 men—being reported last Wednesday at Hermankoi, or Hermanli, a few miles south of Kezanlik. Proceeding northwards from the Russian camps at Hermankoi and Kezanlik, we find a strong detachment, assessed at 4,000 men, at Schibka and a still stronger number at Gabrova. Another detachment at Drenova keeps open the communications with Tirnova, which forms as nearly as possible the centre of the Russian operations in Bulgaria, which are being carried out east and west of the Yantra, against the forces under Mehemet Ali. Here we find the Russian lines extending from between Jakovche and Slatarritza up to Ablava, the right resting on Tirnova and the left on Biela, Cossack detachments and outposts scouring the country east of the Lom, and coming into conflict with the Turkish cavalry and advance posts, whilst the Russian forces around Rustzuk at the extreme left at Ablava are joining hands north of Rasgrad.

West of the Yantra, a similar arrangement prevails in the face of the forces Osman Pasha has brought up from Widdin and Sophia to the banks of the river Osma. His line extends from Plevna to Trojan, with strong detachments at Karlove and Kalifer, his cavalry and advance-posts extending to the vicinity of Selvi and Novoselo. The Russian lines extend in a semicircle from Nicopoli to Nedin, the left flank protected by detachments guarding the passages of the river Nicopi, which runs between Nedin and Selvi, towards Tirnova, whilst the right rests both on Nicopoli and Sistova.

The Russian line of advance from Sistova to Kezanlik is thus effectually secured from the observation of Mehemet Ali in the east, of Osman Pasha in the west, and of Suleiman and Raouf Pashas in the south. The object of the Russian commanders is obviously to wheel round both their right and left wings, taking Tirnova as the pivot on which to turn them, and to force Osman Pasha across the Balkans west of Kezanlik, whilst Mehemet Ali is forced by the same means to retreat across the eastern Balkans by the Slivno passes to Jamboli, or to fall back upon Schumla. The latter, the Russian commanders will endeavour, by all the means in their power, to prevent, and will try to cut off his retreat, whilst threatening Schumla by the forces around Rasgrad, and the operations of the Dobrudja corps under General Zimmermann. Similar tactics are being followed west of the Yantra against Osman Pasha. They will here endeavour to cut off his retreat on Widdin, and to shut him up in the defiles of the Edropol Balkans between Sophia and Philippopolis. The advantages to be gained by the success of this strategy would be very great indeed; not only would the whole of Bulgaria, from the Lom to the Timok, be at the mercy of the Russians, but they would also be placed thereby in possession of the Balkans as their second basis of operations. The chief question now is, Have they a sufficient number of men on each of the three lines of advance—on the Osma, on the Lom, and at Kezanlik—to withstand the attack of the Turks, and are their dispositions such as to enable them to concentrate their forces at whatever point will become the weakest in the face of a sudden concentration of the Turks? And, secondly, are the dispositions of the Turks such as to permit of any such sudden concentration?

Now roughly speaking the forces at the command of the Russians on the eastern line between the Yantra and the Lom cannot be less than 80,000 men; on the southern line between Tirnova and Kezanlik there are about 60,000; on the western line between the Yantra and the Osma there are now about 60,000; and south-west of Nicopoli about 20,000, besides the Roumanian contingent which may now number some 20,000 men. Round Rustzuk and towards Rasgrad there must be about 20,000 to 25,000; and in the Dobrudja about 50,000.

Against these forces we find Osman Pasha with 65,000 to 70,000 men, the garrison at Widdin having been reduced to not more than 8,000 men at the outside, on the line of the Osma. It is clear that the forces under Generals Krüdener and Schilder-Schuldner were inadequate for the purpose of wresting this line from the possession of the Turks; and that it was at all attempted is due, we are told, to an impression that Osman Pasha was operating in the direction of Sophia whereas he was in fact concentrating his forces and receiving reinforcements from Sophia and Pirot for his advance eastwards. At the same time a diversion of the Russians from Gabrova north of the Balkans and from Kezanlik south of the Balkans was unsuccessful, the Gabrova expedition being stopped in the vicinity of Novoselo and the Kezanlik column meeting with a repulse at Kalifer by the Turkish troops protecting Osman Pasha's right flank. Now, however, the Russian troops having been reinforced from Sistova, whilst the Nicopoli division has been set free and its rear covered by the Roumanian division under General Manu, are nearly, if not quite, equal in numbers to Osman Pasha's army, which, besides, is being threatened on its left wing by the Russo-Roumanian troops which have crossed the Danube at Islash, and are said to be advancing along the left bank of the river Vid towards Plevna. At the same time a force of some 8,000 men is menacing his right flank in the direction from Gabrova to Selvi.

In the south Suleiman and Raouf Pashas have a force under their command of nearly 60,000 men, a force which, though sufficient for an obstinate defence of the approaches to Adrianople, would scarcely be strong enough for an attack on the strongly entrenched positions of the Russians—also numbering some 60,000—at Hermanli and Kezanlik.

On the Lom, and in the direction of the quadrilateral, matters are more complicated. The field army at the disposal of Mehemet Ali is estimated at 120,000 men, and would therefore be amply strong enough for an attack on the Russian positions between the Lom and the Yantra, were it not for the Russian forces at Rustzuk and near Rasgrad, which threaten his right flank, and the Dobrudja corps menacing his rear. But at the same time it is an open question as to what extent General Zimmermann is menaced by the Turkish forces between Pravady and Varna, and how far the fortresses of Rustzuk and Silistria are able to protect Mehemet Ali's right between Rasgrad and Schumla. We have already counted 250,000 men in the Turkish defence; and it is very problematical indeed that there should be any considerable force in the neighbourhood of Varna, whilst it is notorious that the garrisons of Rustzuk and Silistria have not a man to spare. At the same time it must be borne in mind that reinforcements for the Turks can be poured in at Varna; but on the other hand, the Russians have also a considerable number of men on the left bank of the Danube, whom they can

safely withdraw and throw either into the Dobrudja or Bulgaria.

Bearing all this in mind, it will not be difficult to understand the operations of the last eight days, and to reconcile the contradictory reports which are rapidly producing a feeling of indifference to the course of the campaign on the part of the general public, who only seem to care for great results. But it is very questionable whether any such great results will be speedily obtained by either party, for the simple reason that the forces are engaged over so large an extent of ground that great concentrations have become very difficult, as well as combined movements on a larger scale, the difficulties being still more increased by the natural obstacles to be overcome, and the absence of practicable roads. In all probability the operations will chiefly be operations of detail. In fact, as far as the Russians are concerned, it cannot be otherwise until they have swept Bulgaria clear. They have to dispose of three sets of armies and two sets of fortresses, before they can be free to carry out any crushing blow. They must expand into three different directions first. On the other hand, the Turks having to converge upon them are better able to carry out a combined movement, and it is scarcely saying too much when it is contended that the Russians have so broken up their forces that if the Turks exhibited anything like good generalship they could not fail to place the invader in a most precarious position.

As it is, plausible as the Turkish plan may appear to superficial observers, and successfully as the first part of the programme may seem to have been carried out, nothing but the most stupendous blunders and mismanagement on the part of the Russian commanders would afford it the least chance of success. The Turkish idea is for Osman Pasha to fight his way eastwards, and Mehemet Ali to advance westwards upon Tirnova, whilst Suleiman Pasha endeavours to force what is undoubtedly the key to the Russian position at Kezanlik. But to do this Osman Pasha must advance south-east and expose his left flank to the risk of being turned by the Nicopoli divisions, thus actually facilitating the Russian plan of pivoting round from Tirnova, and forcing him south of the Balkans. To the same danger would Mehemet Ali be exposed from the troops under the command of the Czarevitch between Rustzuk and Rasgrad, the danger being still farther increased by the Dobrudja corps in his rear. The Russians ought to be very much obliged to Suleiman Pasha for keeping their forces at any rate somewhat together; for if Suleiman, instead of blocking the road at south of Kezanlik, had united his forces with those of Osman Pasha or Mehemet Ali, the united armies would have had a considerable chance of cutting the Russian army in two, and forcing one half towards the Danube, whilst the other would be driven into the interior, whence it would have found some considerable difficulty in extricating itself. But, as it is, the Turks have been apparently concentrating all their ideas upon surrounding the Russian army south of the Balkans—or say, south of Tirnova, forgetting that such a movement would always allow the Russian forces on the Osma and the Lom to double upon them and attack them in their rear, so that under the most favourable circumstances Osman Pasha and Mehemet Ali would still be left to face the bulk of the Russian armies, whilst Suleiman Pasha would also be left to contend with forces equal to his own in numbers and superior to them in position, artillery, and discipline; for after all the attack has to be made on the Russians in positions of their own choice, and however good the Turks may be in defence, the Russians are no less so, as Sebastopol taught the world to know.

Hence whilst the Russian attack on the Plevna and Lovtcha line was a failure, Osman Pasha's success in advancing on Lovtcha and Selvi will probably entail a disaster for him. Succinctly described, the following has been the course of events:—

On July 20, General Schilder-Schuldner, deceived by the reports of Osman Pasha's marching towards Sophia, attacked Plevna, which he found defended by 20,000 men, who repulsed him with a loss of some 2,000 men. Fighting was continued all along the line, whilst reinforcements were being hurried up on both sides. A slight success at one or two points delayed the passage of the Roumanian troops, but on the 26th the Russians were again thrown back, and suffered a further loss of some 2,000 men. In fact, they were forced to a precipitate retreat that very much resembled a rout, the pursuit continuing as far as Bulgareni, on the river Osma, so that for the moment it appeared as if not only Nicopoli, but also Sistova, were seriously menaced. Then the Roumanians crossed the river at Islash and Nicopoli, thus inaugurating a flank movement, which Osman Pasha was either unaware of, or thought himself strong enough to ignore, as he then turned southwards upon Lovtcha, between which and the village of Leven the Russians had entrenched themselves in a strong semicircle. On Saturday Osman Pasha attacked them with his artillery, which played upon the Russian positions for about two hours, when, perceiving a flank movement of the Russian infantry in progress, he sent forward his own foot and reserves into action, and after four hours' hard fighting succeeded in dislodging them, and forced them to retreat in disorder upon Tirnova, his cavalry pursuing them to close upon Selvi—nearly half way between Lovtcha and Tirnova. The success of the Turks was therefore so far complete, and shows the dangers of imitation in adopting the tactics pursued under very different conditions by the Prussians in France. There the Germans were able to follow up the rapid advance of their cavalry in force, and it was the knowledge that they did so which invested the traditional Three Uhlans with such moral power that they alone were sufficient to take possession of a place as though they were simply carrying out the operations of a review in which their bare appearance at a place denoted its capture. But to do this the commissariat and transport services must be complete in all their arrangements, and the cavalry advance be adapted to the marching powers of the infantry, and this has clearly not been done. Thus, had Suleiman Pasha and Mehemet Ali effectually supported Osman Pasha by an attack on the Russian left wing and centre the position of the Czar's troops might have become seriously compromised. But as it is, from whatever cause their delay arises, they are giving the Russians ample time to carry out a crushing flank and rear movement upon Osman Pasha's troops, of which we have already foreshadowed the results—his repulse across the Balkans to Sophia or Philippopolis, and the blockade of his retreat to Widdin. To effect this the Russian commanders have ordered the Russo-Roumanian corps between Turn Magurelli and Kalafat to cross the Danube, so that Osman Pasha will be entirely cut off from his basis of operations, and forced to retreat across the Balkans, or fight his way to Tirnova, in the hope of joining hands with Mehemet Ali.

To do the latter, he must first of all seize Selvi. From Selvi three roads lead to the position of the Russians in the Yantra valley—one *viâ* Boljana to Tirnova, one to Drenova *viâ* Jarela, and one to Gobrova *viâ* Serbegli. Each of these places is occupied still by the Russians, and must be forced before the Turks can advance. If they succeed in carrying them and crossing the Yantra, they would find themselves in a very awkward position still, for the country contained between the two branches of the Yantra from Tirnova to Gabrova is intersected by several good roads, forming a network admirably adapted for combined operations on the part of the defence. It is, therefore, next to impossible for Osman Pasha to succeed. Should he do so, it would be an unexampled feat of generalship and bravery.

So much for Osman Pasha. Assuming Mehemet Ali to be at Osman Bazar, he could support Osman Pasha also by advancing along three roads. One leads to Tirnova *viâ* Slataritza; a second leads also to Tirnova *viâ* Jakovchi; and a third to Drenova *viâ* Achmedli and Kaliferkoi, but both the latter roads are very circuitous,

whilst Slataritza, Jakovchi, and Kaliferkoi are also occupied by the Russians in entrenched positions.

As for Suleiman Pasha's attack on the Russians at Eski-Sagra, it must be remembered that this was the extreme advance post of the Russians, if, indeed, the occupation of the place was at any time more than a temporary reconnaissance which has now been driven in by superior numbers, and forced to fall back on the entrenched positions between Hermankoi and Kezanlik. It is quite improbable that this conflict should possess larger proportions than the collision of a strong outpost with superior forces might be supposed to possess. And it must also be remembered that there is a latent force ready to break out from Servia, which might threaten Suleiman Pasha as well as Osman Pasha, who has withdrawn nearly all the troops from Sophia and Philippopoli.

THE CONTROL OF EGYPT.

There are two remarkable articles in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month on British interests in Egypt, and it is probable that the question will soon be raised for national consideration in a more urgent form. It is possible that the Government will soon be asked—apparently it has not yet been asked—from St. Petersburg, to define its relations to Egypt. Three weeks ago we published the contents of a note which it was said the Russian Government was preparing to address to our Government, directing attention to the position assumed by Egypt since the outbreak of hostilities. Journalistic outsiders cannot of course always guarantee the truth of what they hear, but we gave our information then for what it was worth, and it received a certain confirmation on Wednesday last from a passage in the miscellaneous continental news of the *Times*. A note, it was there stated, had been received by the Russian Secretary of State from the head-quarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas, containing the following expressions:—"To calm the anxiety of the British Cabinet, His Imperial Majesty instructed his Ambassador in London to declare to Lord Derby that we harboured no project of aggression against Egypt. Might we not have expected, therefore, that, in strict fairness, the British Government would use its influence with the Khedive to prevent him from engaging in directing hostilities against us? In our last fights on the Balkans our soldiers found themselves opposed to Egyptian troops, and it will, perhaps, suffice to point out this fact to justify a hope that if the British Government desires that its interests shall not be compromised by aggression on our part against Egypt, it will also use its influence there to prevent us from being forced by the open hostilities of the Viceregal Government to take steps to prevent a renewal of them." The Russians naturally think that if we have sufficient interest in Egypt to be unwilling that they should bring it within the circle of their warlike operations against Turkey, it is but fair that we should use our influence to prevent the Egyptian forces from being used against them; not to mention that being as suspicious of us as we are of them, they are not wholly without a fear that the English Government is indirectly helping the Sultan through the medium of the Khedive. This last suspicion can hardly be said to be less rational than many of the suspicions which are daily proclaimed in some of our journals concerning Russia; and therefore we need not be surprised if we hear before long of diplomacy having been put in motion to extract from our Government some more precise statement of our interests in Egypt, and of the extent to which we are prepared to go in maintenance of those interests. We may expect the question to be put, in diplomatic language, whether the Khedive's deference to British interests is or is not to be accounted paramount to his loyalty to his present suzerain; and if so, in what form we mean to assert the claim to supremacy which, from a Russian point of view, we have implicitly made.

Mr. Dicey and Mr. Gladstone take radically different views concerning the demands of British interests in Egypt; in fact, though the articles appear in the same magazine, Mr. Gladstone's article is a professed reply to Mr. Dicey's. To a large extent Mr. Dicey's article is a repetition in new forms of arguments for our acquiring the control of Egypt which he advanced in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*. He sums up the contention of his first article in the following series of propositions:—"The impending dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, as a result of the Turko-Russian war, must inevitably expose our right of way to India through the Suez Canal to new and increased risks of interruption. Under the altered conditions of the East the absolute control of the Suez Canal is essential to our hold on India. Such a control can, from the nature of the case, be only exercised by the Power which is dominant in the Delta. Therefore the virtual occupation of Lower Egypt has become a matter of necessity for England. In other words, my article was, and was understood to be, a plea for the immediate occupation of the Isthmus in order to secure our communication with India." The chief addition which Mr. Dicey makes to what he put forward in June is a suggestion that we should buy the suzerainty of Egypt from the Porte. "There is absolutely no reason," he says, "why the occupation of Egypt should not be undertaken with the sanction and consent of Turkey herself. The Turks, to do them justice, care little or nothing about moral force or international precedents. What they want is material aid, and short of armed assistance, which we are not prepared to give, the service they would most value would be pecuniary assistance. At the present crisis money is the most urgent need of Turkey, and there is ground to think that the Porte would gladly transfer its suzerain rights over Egypt to England, if we would purchase the capitalized value of the reversion of the Egyptian tribute. This tribute in round numbers amounts to 700,000*l.* a-year, and at thirty years' purchase its value would be twenty-one millions. As the tribute, however, is already mortgaged for the payment of the loans of 1854 and 1871, amounting to close upon nine millions, its saleable value cannot be estimated at more than twelve millions. For a sum of half this amount paid down in cash, the Porte would be willing enough to cede to England the suzerainty of Egypt. If I am told that to give money to Turkey at this moment would be detrimental to the cause of Russia, I can only say that what we have to consider are not the interests of Russia any more than those of Turkey, but the interests of England."

Mr. Dicey's plea for the immediate occupation of Egypt, and his suggestion for its immediate purchase from the Sultan, are open to a good many counter-considerations; but we must confess we do not think that Mr. Gladstone has been successful in his endeavour to prove that we have no interest in acquiring control over Egypt, and that, if we had, our occupation of Egypt in any form is to be stigmatised as an unrighteous aggression. We find ourselves in the position of admitting the soundness of each general principle as he states it, but remaining unconvinced when we come to their application. It is not to be denied that our responsibilities abroad are vast, that they might be more adequately discharged, that our domestic tasks are not all completed, that the boundaries of the empire should not be enlarged except in cases of absolute necessity, that the retention of our Indian Empire is not comparable to our national independence, that it is humiliating to regard it as being so, that the fewness of our men is a matter for grave reflection in relation to the boundless calls of our world-wide dominion, that the maintenance of our power in India is not mainly a military question, that it is absurd to suppose that the establishment of Russia on the Bosphorus would at once threaten our possession of the road to India by the Suez Canal, that even with possession of the Canal it could not be so entirely depended upon as the route by the Cape. All this and more to the same effect must be generally admitted; but on the other hand we do not suppose that Mr. Gladstone denies that there would be

any advantage to us in the possession of Egypt. We must come to particulars, and, putting aside for the moment the question of morality, consider the nature and extent of the positive disadvantages, if any, that would be likely to arise from our controlling the administration of Egypt and defending it against aggression. Would the assumption of this new responsibility strain our powers beyond what they could bear, strain them to the extent of actually weakening our powers of resisting attack? It is true that our retention of India is not purely or even chiefly a military question. Our rule over India is not a mere rule of force. "Our title to be there depends on a first condition, that our being there is profitable to the Indian nations; and on a second condition, that we can make them see and understand it to be profitable." But then we have not to reckon alone with the 240 millions of natives, or even with any external Power ambitious to supplant us in the government of them. Supposing—a by no means impossible contingency—that there should arise in India an ambitious native prince filled with visions of supreme dominion over the peninsula. The humble millions may not prefer his rule to ours; his title to rule may not be higher than ours as offering them greater security and happiness; it may be our duty to defend them against his domination; how are we to do so? Mr. Gladstone's answer seems to be that sending troops by Suez and sending them by the Cape makes only a difference of a fortnight, and that we could never make certain of keeping the Canal open for the passage of our troops. But surely a fortnight might make all the difference between successful resistance and disaster; and if the passage of the Canal is not a certainty but only a high probability, it is but common prudence to do our utmost to secure it.

We need not, however, pursue this argument into detail. We do not understand Mr. Gladstone to argue that the possession of Egypt would in itself be a source of weakness to the British Empire from a military point of view. Nor do we understand him to argue that it would be a drain upon our resources financially. He is more concerned to combat it as likely to lead to the undertaking of further responsibilities, as a dangerous encouragement to a passion for annexation. This seems to be his objection to it from the point of view of our interests, and we cannot say that the objection has more force than other objections to first steps, the extension of the suffrage for example, as being likely to lead to more dangerous steps in the same direction. But then Mr. Gladstone seems to object to annexation as being in itself immoral. We must confess to a difficulty in seeing from the point of view of those who regard annexation as a necessarily immoral act. Annexing territory seems to be in their minds a form of theft; it is taking that which is not our own; and the essential immorality of the act is not in the least affected by its being committed by a nation. The difference between annexation and highway robbery presents itself to their conscience as a difference in degree and not in kind. Now while few people would maintain that there is no such thing as international morality, or even that the morality of nations and the morality of individuals are to be judged by different standards, there is surely some confusion of ideas in viewing annexation as a breach of the eighth commandment. The annexation of a neighbour's territory by a nation differs in kind as well as in degree from the appropriation of a neighbour's goods by an individual. Withoutgoing into any profound metaphysical subtleties as to the right of an organised community to its soil, it is evident to the plain understanding that a Government holds a territory by a different tenure from that by which an individual holds his private property, and that the interruption of the one tenure is a different thing from the interruption of the other. When we allow such words as "seizure" and "acquisition," as applied to territory, to carry the same moral meaning with them as when they are applied to private property, we are really misleading our consciences by a false analogy.

Of course a territory may be annexed, seized, or acquired in different ways. If annexation means the eviction of all the inhabitants of a territory, it would certainly be a most immoral act, but the immorality would not lie in the annexation but in the spoliation of private property. If annexation means only the assumption of the administration of a country, and the taking of such measures as will protect that administration from foreign interference, it is not necessarily immoral; on the contrary, it may have every command of the highest morality in its favour. Annexation may mean in that case the substitution of good government for bad, and so far from being an injury to the individuals of a community may be of the greatest possible service to them, by securing them in the possession of their property and personal freedom. It is this that makes the essential difference between the relation of a Government to its territory and the relation of an individual to his personal effects. The Government has to do with something more than the inanimate soil; it has to do also with the people who live upon the soil. If I see a man walking in the street, wearing an ill-fitting coat of excellent materials, it does not justify me in taking possession of it, that the coat would fit me better, and that the excellent materials would be shown to more advantage on my person. I should not even be justified in seizing the coat, if it so happened that the materials had been stolen by the wearer. But supposing that the coat is a sentient creature, and that if its wishes were consulted it would much prefer my back as the more comfortable quarters, it is far from certain that it is not my duty to effect the transfer. On the contrary, it may be my clear duty to do so. And if such a sentient garment were wandering about without an owner, and I could accommodate it with advantage to myself as well as increased comfort to it, there is no consideration of morality to forbid me. There is no moral commandment against an annexation which is at once for the interest of the annexer and for the happiness of the people, when there is no other power that has a higher or a prior claim. If it be said that this is a dangerous principle, as a principle, we can only reply that there are moments in the history of a nation when it must leave the rectitude of its intentions to be judged by posterity.

OBSTRUCTION AND OTHER DANGERS.

If the new rules for the limitation of speeches in Committee were expected to make obstruction henceforth impossible, their inadequacy has been signally proved this week. The Obstructives have accommodated themselves with great ease to the new conditions. It was obvious that the limitations introduced were slight, but no one supposed that they were so entirely futile. They to all appearance did absolutely nothing for the curtailment of the portentous sitting, or rather walking, which began at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and ended at six o'clock in the afternoon of the following day. If any of the seven had twice wandered sufficiently from the point to necessitate two calls to order from the chair, he might have been suspended for the rest of the discussion, and Mr. O'Donnell once came perilously near this fate; but they were on their guard. It really requires very little ingenuity to make long speeches on motions to report progress, and yet keep within order, for when the Chairman was asked to state what are the limits of discussion on such a motion, he said that practically there were no limits to the arguments that might be introduced, except that the member speaking should not refer to amendments in particular clauses which would come before the Committee subsequently. And it must be confessed that the danger to the success of the Obstruction that it should be gravelled for lack of matter was considerably diminished by the frequent indignation speeches against the Obstructionists. We must bear this in mind before we pass a contemptuous judgment on the wisdom of Sir Stafford Northcote's rules. If Mr. Dodson's advice

had been followed, and Mr. Parnell, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. Biggar, and the rest of them, had been allowed to speak without interruption, the light of their rhetoric would have been extinguished much more speedily. But the worst of discussions on points of procedure is that everybody has something to say, and that nothing short of physical gagging will keep every individual in an assembly of six hundred from breaking silence. Inevitably some irrepressible member starts up and joins in the fray. Nothing could better answer the purpose of those who are speaking against time. Their eloquence would soon expire for sheer lack of fuel, and every sentence uttered in reply to them, or in denunciation of them, supplies fresh matter. If we look at the report of the discussion on Clause 27 of the South Africa Bill, which occupied from about half-past two in the morning till ten, we see that nearly everything said by the Obstructives had been suggested to them by the supporters of order. The clause itself was hardly alluded to. It was a comparatively unimportant provision, that a member of the Legislative Council should not be eligible to sit or vote as a member of the House of Assembly, and the Government had proposed to defeat the tactics of the Obstructives by accepting Mr. O'Donnell's amendment, and thereafter moving that the clause be struck out of the Bill. Accordingly, no amendment of which notice had been given was moved, because the discussion would have at once been ended by the Government declaring that they accepted it. After an attempt by Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Donnell to make nonsense amendments by leaving out such words as "a member," and "not," which were ruled out of order by the Chairman, the formal method of obstruction was resorted to, alternate motions being made that progress be reported and that the Chairman leave the chair. Now here the new rule ought to have come in force, by which no member is allowed to make either of these motions more than once in the course of debate upon the same point. It would appear from the report that this rule was not observed, Mr. Parnell being set down as having twice moved that the Chairman leave the chair, but there is probably some mistake of the press, something omitted which would show that Mr. Parnell was kept within the bounds of the new rule. Apart, however, from that, it is clear that the resources of the seven Obstructives might have been exhausted in much less than seven hours if they had not been supplied with matter for their speeches by the various members who could not keep from denouncing their proceedings. Sir William Harcourt, for example, furnished occasion for many weary minutes of long drawn-out recrimination, and a good hour's talk was got out of Mr. Jenkins's very proper reproof of Captain Nolan, and the incidents thence resulting.

Of course it does not follow that because every word spoken in reprobation of a few men whose foolish ambition it seems to be to acquire notoriety as the "potato-bugs" of parliamentary Government, supplies them with means for prolonging the contest, they should therefore be allowed to keep undisturbed possession of the House as long as their windbags hold out. A certain freedom of speech must be exercised by the unfortunate majority, their hapless victims, in order that the country may have some understanding of the indignation with which their conduct is viewed. The only thing to be done with men who deliberately set themselves to abuse parliamentary forms, which cannot possibly be protected from abuse except by the self-restraint or the expulsion of individual members, is to give them rope enough, till they afford full justification for the application of extreme measures to them. If from vanity or wantonness they persist in obstructing public business, there is obviously nothing for it but to relieve them from service in an institution which they cannot be persuaded to treat with becoming respect. Only every care must be taken that the proofs of their contempt are indisputable; they must be tolerated, the business of the nation must be sacrificed to them, till they have accumulated damning evidence against themselves. When the attempt to curb them by altering the rules of the House as far as was consistent with the privileges of a serious minority had failed, there were two courses open to the Government in order to place the wanton character of their obstruction in its proper light. In order to give a just impression of the annoyance and extent of their action, the Government could either prolong one sitting till some particular measure was carried, or they could go on taking that measure day after day with the effect of prolonging the Session. There is much to be said in favour of the latter alternative, but the Government cannot be very severely blamed for preferring the former. It need not be feared that the prolongation of a sitting of the House through a whole night for a period of twenty-six hours will form a precedent for the oppression of a minority that has reasonable ground for opposition.

We must confess, however, that it would have been preferable on several grounds that the Government, instead of adopting the extraordinary course of protracting a debate by means of relays of their supporters, had taken the debate within reasonable hours even at the cost of lengthening the Session for a week or two. No reason can be given for terminating the Session before August 12 which is not almost as deficient in respect for the labours of the Legislature as the action of the Obstruction itself. And by hurrying through the South Africa Bill by sheer physical force, the Government put themselves in a position which requires justification. To meet irregularity with irregularity is a course which should be resorted to only when there is no alternative. In defeating obstruction by breaking down the physical endurance of the obstructors, they did injustice to the reasonable opponents of the Bill. It is not unlikely that but for the fact that the South Africa Bill was chosen by the Obstructives as a battle-field, its fate would have been very different. At least Mr. Courtney and Sir Charles Dilke would have had a patient hearing for their objections to it. It must be remembered that the object of this Bill is to draft a constitution for the inhabitants of a territory twice as large as the British Islands. This is clearly a measure which ought not to be hurried through Parliament in hours sacred to repose, by members deprived of their natural rest, and heated by the passions of a faction fight. We must consider that there are more important interests involved even than the defeat of men bent upon bringing Parliament into contempt. The majority of the House have more to think of than merely proving that they are not to be tyrannised over by a minority. When the Bill goes out to South Africa, the respect of the colonists for it, and their gratitude for the attention paid in the mother country to their affairs, are not likely to be increased by their knowledge of the circumstances in which it was passed. Of course the Obstructives are quite well aware of this. They have deliberately chosen a measure which there are obvious reasons for trying to make as perfect as possible. They profess that their sole object is to make the Bill as perfect as possible, and they are careful to maintain this pretext by moving colourable amendments. The proof of their obstructive designs is not to be found in the words of all the amendments which they put forward, but in the superfluous length and number of their speeches, and their innumerable vexatious interruptions of the progress of business. Such tactics cannot safely be met by sacrificing the character of a really important Bill, and giving just offence to our colonists by sending out to them a crude and imperfectly considered measure. If it is really of such vital consequence as Lord Carnarvon professes that the Bill should be passed this Session, we do not see why the seven Obstructives should not be suspended from their right of speech for the remainder of the Session, and proper opportunities provided for the discussion of the Bill by members who are above suspicion of having any end in view but the interests of South Africa. The labours of the Committee were finished before the House rose on Wednesday, but amendments can still be con-

sidered upon the report from the Committee to the House. If the Obstructives are still in possession of the right of speech, it can hardly be doubted that they will resume the fight once more, and that the House will hurry the measure through without much consideration of its merits. Extreme as the proceeding would be, the suspension of the Obstructives during the discussion on the report seems to be the least possible evil.

LORD SALISBURY AS AN OBSTRUCTIVE.

The Metropolitan Board of Works has decided not to go on with the projected new thoroughfare through the centre of London from Tottenham Court Road to Charing Cross. As there is no street improvement in London more urgently needed, it is interesting to know the reason of its being abandoned, more particularly after the scheme had been approved by the House of Commons. The explanation was given on Monday in answer to a question put by Mr. Fawcett. It appears that the scheme has had to be abandoned in consequence of the excessive claims of Lord Salisbury, which were not pressed in the House of Commons, but which were admitted as reasonable by his fellow Peers. "The freeholder of considerable property in the line of the street indicated petitioned against the Bill, and in effect sought to limit the power of the Board, as regards his own interests, to the acquisition of the property actually required for the public way of the new street, whereas the Board, in accordance with the ordinary practice, desired to take sufficient property to give frontages to the street when formed. The Select Committee of the House of Commons declined to accede to the prayer of the petition, but a Committee of the House of Lords inserted the clauses asked for. Having regard to the inconvenience of the precedent and to the heavy loss which the ratepayers would sustain by the diminution of the recoupments, the Board came to the unanimous conclusion that it could not carry out the improvement upon the prescribed conditions, and therefore, upon the third reading, asked that the Bill might be amended by striking out this improvement."

It may not be Lord Salisbury's personal fault that he appears as an obstructive of quite as unpatriotic a description as the enemies of Parliamentary Government at St. Stephen's. As was suggested by Mr. Fawcett, in a short discussion of the subject at the beginning of the memorable sitting on Tuesday, the owner of a large property, and especially a man so absorbed in public business as Lord Salisbury, must often have things done in his name for which he is not personally responsible. The subject is to be resumed on Monday, and Lord Salisbury will have an opportunity in the interval of making up his mind whether there is anything in his circumstances so peculiar that his property should receive an indulgence which has not been extended to the hundreds or thousands of proprietors with whom the Board has had to deal hitherto. There cannot be a doubt as to the public importance of the projected improvement. The traffic from south to north is at present carried on under the greatest inconvenience. Even if St. Andrew's Street and St. Martin's Lane were always open, they do not supply a superfluity of room for transit; and as, in consequence of the enormous traffic, they are frequently, if not chronically, under repair, the throng of vehicles have to wind their tortuous way through narrow lanes in the intricacies of the Dials, where literally there is often only room for one pair of wheels at a time.

The history of the abandoned or suspended new thoroughfare is curious. It was first brought under notice in a motion at the Strand District Board of Works (in which the southern part of the street would lie) late last year, and the District Board petitioned the Metropolitan Board to go to Parliament in the matter. The Bill was prepared to include this street with other metropolitan improvements of less importance, and duly complied with the usual standing orders. The route proposed was a direct one from Tottenham Court Road to Charing Cross, by way of Crown Street, Castle Street, and Hemming's Row, finishing between the site of the National Gallery and the newly-erected Savings Bank at the south-west corner of St. Martin's Lane. This route differs from the many others proposed in its directness and cheapness. The scheme at first included the removal of the projecting steps of St. Martin's Church, which jut out far into the roadway, but not the removal of the handsome portico, as was at the time frequently asserted. It met with strenuous opposition both from the owners of St. Martin's Lane and from the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Martin's.

Sir James Hogg, as Chairman of the Metropolitan Board, abandoned, in the committee of the Commons, the proposal to take the church steps, hoping thus to conciliate the opposition. But this hope was vain. The Bill, however, passed through the Committee, and was read a third time, and sent up to the Lords. Here the strenuous efforts of the opponents of the scheme were doubled. The Marquis of Salisbury, as owner of much of the property which would be required, was represented by counsel in the Lords' Committee, and moved every influence to oppose the scheme. St. Martin's Lane would certainly be reduced at once to a second-rate thoroughfare, to which position, and no more, its narrowness entitles it, so that the occupiers of the houses in it added their opposition to that of the Marquis, the owner of most of them. It is of course the duty of everybody to protect themselves, but it is to be regretted that Lord Salisbury has not shown more public spirit than to so strenuously oppose an urgently-needed scheme for the improvement of the centre of London, considering too that his property otherwise would be very largely improved. In the Lords' Committee his counsel succeeded in having inserted in the Bill a clause, the obvious unfairness of which to the public has made people unwilling to believe that it could ever have been proposed. Lord Salisbury insists that, on the Metropolitan Board's buying his freehold land at its present value to make the street, it shall cede to him in return all that which remains unused at the same price at which they bought it. Now it is well known that the only condition which has enabled the Board to make such grand improvements in the metropolis, without unduly burdening the ratepayers, is that they have hitherto been enabled to recoup in a great measure the expense of making a new street, by the heavy ground-rents they have obtained for surplus land beyond the width of the street, owing to the improvement effected by the clearance. But if they are in future to cede to its former owners the improved surplus land at the original price, no great improvement will be possible, except at an enormous cost. It is calculated that the difference of cost on this one property, in this one scheme, would be about 40,000*l*. Lord Salisbury has urged in his defence that there are precedents for the course he wishes to pursue. But this the Board denies. True, the Government were held entitled to much of the surplus land from the northern Embankment scheme, but this was land reclaimed from the river, over which the Government had rights. And the Board frequently grants owners or occupiers of property required for an improvement the pre-emption of a site on the newly formed thoroughfare, but this is always at the increased price. It is to be hoped that Lord Salisbury will think better of it.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

The sad and sudden death of Mr. Ward Hunt has inflicted a loss on the Government at a time when it can ill be endured, and at a time when it will prove not the least serious of their embarrassments. The Admiralty is always a difficult post to fill, both on account of the special nature of its duties and on account of its anomalous position as a political office. Its duties are highly technical, and deal with a service whose efficiency is of the highest importance to this country; but, for reasons difficult to understand, it is hardly a position coveted by Cabinet Ministers. Equivalent as it is, politically, to the Department of a Secretary of State,

it is, nevertheless, not the same thing. Therefore it has almost always been regarded as a step in promotion for aspiring Under-Secretaries; and therefore it has not, as a rule, been regarded as a prize by those who have been in the Cabinet. On both these grounds, then, it is a grave misfortune to the Government that, at the present moment, when public affairs are in a state of extreme tension, and the strain on the Government is exerted to severe limits, they should be compelled to look about for a new First Lord of the Admiralty. While Mr. Ward Hunt has, almost without a doubt, succumbed to the pressure of departmental duties and departmental worry, he had, at any rate, the advantage of three years' experience, and had become familiar with the routine of his office. But whoever succeeds him will not only have to take up a tangled skein of half-accomplished schemes and plans, and to deal, perhaps, with actual emergencies, but he will have to familiarise himself with a routine by no means simple in character. In such a case experience is wanted, and it is not surprising that the rumour of Mr. Hardy's transfer from Pall Mall to Whitehall was snatched at with considerable eagerness. But that Mr. Hardy should appreciate such a move is very doubtful. He has had to undergo an apprenticeship at the War Office sufficiently difficult, and might reasonably, therefore, hesitate to subject himself to an apprenticeship still more difficult. And he has in the course of three years contrived to gain a certain amount of credit for his work in the Army, which, in assuming the control of the Navy, might, without much difficulty, be converted into discredit.

Looking back through poor Mr. Ward Hunt's administration of the Navy, it is easy to see what this means. He first realised it in the *Alberta* and *Mistletoe* collision, and he appreciated how powerless he was to avert mishap by the loss of the *Vanguard*. We do not reopen now the question of responsibility involved in both these catastrophes, nor in the subsequent explosion in the *Thunderer*, nor in the extraordinary succession of accidents which followed. It is enough to name them to show how hazardous is the position and how extensive are the responsibilities of the head of the Admiralty. To suppose, for one instant, that the late First Lord was indifferent to these responsibilities, or careless in the execution of his duties, would be a serious error. It was the fashion of a certain portion of the Press to suppose so, and to attribute to Mr. Hunt lethargy and apathy in the execution of his duties. Yet, we believe it is true that no man was more conscientious in their discharge, or more diligent in the effort to do his very best for the Government and for the country in the position he filled. Nor was this all. For, those who knew him, knew that he was sensitively alive to shortcomings either in himself or in others, and felt keenly the value of his position, and the necessity for unremitting vigilance in suitably maintaining it. No proposition was ever submitted to him which was denied a careful consideration, or refused adoption, if he thought it in any way an advantage to the Navy. In shipbuilding this was manifested in a way which deserves notice. Our unarmoured fleet required replenishing, for it was found that the current rate of construction was insufficient to replace the current loss by wear and tear. During the past three years a very large addition has been made to the Navy in this direction. But the most acrimonious critic will search in vain if he thinks to find that Mr. Hunt satisfied himself with adding vessels of an old pattern to the Navy, as a way to settle a difficulty by merely spending money. He gave the Navy several vessels of the "gem" class as they are called—that is, small corvettes with a high speed—but of a novel character; he directed the construction of the two steel ships, the *Iris* and *Mercury*, and launched into an experiment which is likely to lead to important results in naval construction. Following on this, having satisfied himself of the value, both as regard speed, strength and economy, of substituting steel for iron, he ordered six smaller steel vessels of the *Curaçoa* class, which are all now in hand; and he also approved of the construction of some gunboats of the *Medway* class, similar to those recently sent out to China. Then, as regards ironclads, he permitted the construction of the *Nelson* and *Northampton*, which represent a bold advance in naval architecture. We cannot here discuss these new types professionally or critically; but we may instance them as showing that Mr. Ward Hunt was not content, as some have suggested, to walk in a groove, but was willing to listen to professional opinion, and to assume a progressive not a stagnant attitude in regard to the Navy. But in other matters equally important Mr. Hunt proved himself anxious to adopt a line of improvement and not stagnation in naval matters. The reform of the position and pay of engineer officers is, perhaps, only tentative, and does not amount to more than a step in the right direction, but, nevertheless, it was a step, and a step which, in spite of urgent remonstrances, it was not easy to induce the Admiralty to accept. What Mr. Hunt has done here is what could only be done by much determination, much personal anxiety and investigation, with a result which will, it is believed, be, in the long run, beneficial to the service, but cannot be, immediately, popular. He has improved the character and extent of the reserves, and the pay of both seamen and dockyard artisans; in education he has endeavoured to improve the training of cadets and the administration of the Naval College; he has founded a torpedo school or college; and has taken the necessary steps for opening, next month, at Portsmouth, a special school, or training ship, for engineer students.

We have noticed these results of Mr. Ward Hunt's administration, because we are not aware that they have ever been recognised; because we feel that, now, the time is past for dwelling on mishaps or error; and because we think that a man who has been so persistently abused as was the late First Lord, may, now that he is laid low, be considered to be entitled to a few words of commendation for the good side of his administration. It is no part of our duty or inclination to apologise for the present Government or for its individual members, so our remarks on the late First Lord are suggested as a simple act of justice. Yet what we—nay, other critics—may say, either in praise or condemnation of Mr. Ward Hunt's administration, surely suggests the reflection that the Admiralty must be a difficult department for civil control. It seems almost an insult to common sense to suppose that, in such technical and professional matters as the disposition of fleets, the manning of the Navy, and the construction of ships, a civilian can, with any hope of success, take the lead; and it seems natural to suggest that the appointment of a naval officer is essential to efficiency. To a very large extent it is impossible to doubt this. The professional training and technical knowledge a naval officer possesses should, naturally, be brought to bear with great effect on such a department as the Admiralty. Indeed, were it not for certain considerations, it would be simply ridiculous to put a civilian at the head of the Admiralty. One of these considerations is that one of the principal functions of the head is the control of a large expenditure on such a service as the Navy or Army; and another consideration is that, constituted as we are politically, this responsibility cannot be delegated to anyone, professional or otherwise, who is not responsible to Parliament. It comes to this, therefore, that we must either choose for the Admiralty a naval officer who has a seat in Parliament, or select a naval officer for whom a seat should be provided, or put up with a civilian. But, in any case, it is, perhaps, well to bear in mind that one important requisite in a First Lord of the Admiralty is a man who has the capacity for spending ten millions a-year judiciously and effectively. Now, we may look round Parliament as closely as we like, and challenge anyone to name a naval officer whom the country would accept as a satisfactory head of the Admiralty. And we may go further, and ask if a naval officer can easily be named

who will undertake this post with the all-important financial proviso. Possibly there may be, and no doubt there is; but an examination of the *Navy List* will show how difficult will be the choice. There is a reason for this. The education and experience of naval officers have a tendency to incapacitate them from taking broad views of matters, especially when politics are involved. Politically Admiral de Horsey may have committed a most compromising act in attacking a Peruvian man-of-war, but it would be difficult we think to induce a naval officer to look otherwise than with favour on his act. It is, therefore, in the present condition of affairs, where, in such a service as the Navy, professional experience must be subservient to political requirements, almost inevitable to appoint a civilian to the Admiralty. What is important, however, is that he should be strongly backed by the highest and most intelligent experience at the Admiralty. It is not necessary for him to have crotchets about shipbuilding, or peculiar views on naval matters; but it is necessary that he should be capable of being entrusted with the expenditure of ten millions a-year, and should possess the requisite common sense to use professional experience to the best advantage, and be capable of judicious action in political emergencies.

THE LAW OF LEGITIMACY.

Vice-Chancellor Sir Richard Malins has recently had before him a case that singularly illustrates the harshness with which the English law regards illegitimate children. A certain Mr. Solomon, a wealthy fruiterer in Covent Garden, left by his will considerable personal property to trustees with instructions to pay the proceeds of it to certain of his sons and daughters in equal shares, or, if they should be deceased, to their children, or, if their children should be deceased, then to their grandchildren, and so forth, the shares being equal *per stirpes* and not *per capita*, and it being also provided that no one should share in the bequest who, if a male, was not of the Jewish persuasion, or, if a female and married, should not have married according to the rites and ordinances of the Jewish religion. One of the testator's sons, Charles Solomon, who was included in this bequest, had, during his father's lifetime, three children by a lady who was not a Jewess. The testator and the rest of the family seem to have taken a fancy to these children, and it was ultimately arranged that Mr. Charles Solomon should marry the lady. As, however, she was a Christian, or, as the Jews term it, "a Gentile," it was necessary, to render her union with a Jewish husband a valid one in the Jewish profession, that she should, before the ceremony of marriage, be converted to Judaism. It seems that there is some doubt whether in England a conversion to Judaism can be legally effected, there being some obsolete statutes which declare such a proceeding illegal. The consequence is, that when Christians and Jews wish to marry they have to go, amongst other places, to Eiselstein near Rotterdam, in Holland, where such conversions are legal, and to be there converted before they marry. This was done in the present instance. Mr. Charles Solomon and the lady went to Eiselstein, and there she was solemnly received into the Jewish Church, and after her conversion and the reception of a Jewish name was duly married by the Rabbi. The effect of this marriage, according to the Jewish law, was to legitimate the three children, and there can be no doubt whatever that the testator, and with him the rest of the family, always regarded the children as legitimated. After the marriage, however, five more children were born, and when the trusts of the testator's will came to be carried out, the question arose whether the five legitimate and the three illegitimate could all share equally in the bequest. The suit, we believe, was a friendly one, and it is satisfactory to know that, although the decision of the Court is adverse to the children born before the marriage, they are not likely pecuniarily to suffer.

The arguments on each side were able and interesting. On the one hand, it was contended that the will of the testator must be construed according to English law with reference to his domicile, and that, as by the English law marriage does not legitimate children born before it, the bequest, as regards the three children in question, was void. On the other hand it was argued that the testator was a Jew, that his intention was the only thing to be regarded, that he knew of the births of the three children before their parents' marriage, that the marriage had his consent and approbation, and was contracted with the especial view of legitimating the children, that he knew what the Jewish law was on the subject, and that the terms of his bequest were sufficiently specific to show that he intended the three children to be included. Vice-Chancellor Malins, in giving judgment, said that he was reluctantly compelled to decide against the clear intention of the testator. There was no doubt as to what his intention had been, but the question was how his will was to be construed. As he was a domiciled Englishman it had to be construed by the rules of English law, and by those rules the three children would be excluded. It had been urged that because the testator was a Jew the case was taken out of the ordinary rule, and had to be determined by the principles of the Jewish law. That, however, was not so, and all that could be said was that, as the three children born before the marriage were clearly illegitimate by English law, it was impossible not to exclude them from the operation of the bequest.

The old saying, "*Summum jus, summa injuria*," was probably never before more singularly illustrated. Mr. Charles Solomon is anxious to legitimate his three children. His father is anxious that he should do so; and he takes steps which beyond all question legitimate them according to the Jewish law—a law which was in force when England was peopled by savages. Old Mr. Solomon treats the children as his grandchildren; their legitimation is universally acknowledged in the family; it is admitted that they were fully intended to share under the will; and yet they are hopelessly excluded by the strict letter of the English law. It is only to be hoped that the case may serve to call attention to the true character of our law upon the subject, and to the harsh and oppressive manner in which it works. In almost every country but England the doctrine of legitimation by subsequent marriage prevails. It has come down from the days of Constantine, who recognised it in one of his Constitutions, and Justinian extended it by allowing illegitimate children to be legitimated upon the requisition of the father under certain special circumstances when marriage with their mother had become impossible. The doctrine was followed by the canon law, which in many respects was even more indulgent than the Roman law, and England is, we believe, practically the only country where it is impossible to legitimate a child born out of wedlock. The question was raised at the time of the Statute of Merton, when the clergy urged that the principles of the canon law should be introduced, and were met by the famous answer, "*nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*" The Scotch law on the subject, it ought to be noticed, follows the Roman law. But, like the "*non possumus*" of the Papal chair, the "*nolumus*" of the Barons still prevents simple justice being done.

The matter is one which, no doubt, admits of argument on each side. Blackstone, who thoroughly agrees with the Barons, points out, in his gravest and most solemn manner, that, if a man were allowed to legitimate children born out of wedlock, "vast uncertainty" would be introduced, and a direct inducement to an immoral life would be held out. The canon law, on the other hand, proceeds on the assumption that by allowing children born before wedlock to be legitimated an inducement is held out for marriage. In any case it is clearly a grievance that a man who wishes to acknowledge his illegitimate children as his own should be unable to do so. It is hard upon him, it is hard upon

their mother, it is harder still upon the children themselves. In most countries he would at any rate have the power of adopting them, which would virtually come to the same thing, as they would by adoption take his name, and become, in the eye of the law, his heirs and representatives. Adoption, however, is as unknown to the English law as legitimation *per subsequens matrimonium*. Neither can a man, however wealthy he may be, and however great his influence, get a private Act of Parliament to legitimate his children born before marriage. He would be met with the fatal objection that such an Act was contrary to public policy, and consequently could not be allowed. This is somewhat singular when we recollect that private Acts for dissolution of marriage were passed by hundreds at a time when divorce in the eye of the law was contrary to public policy. Opinion, it is true, is becoming very much educated on these matters, and if a man marries the mother of his illegitimate children he will practically find very little difficulty, except that he will be wise if he employs a skilled conveyancer to draw his will. Recognition *de jure*, however, differs very widely from recognition *de facto*, and it must be admitted that on this point the English law is far less civilized than that in force on the Continent and in Scotland. In days when the deceased wife's sister occupies the prominent position she has for so many years enjoyed, it is strange that no one can be found to espouse the cause of illegitimate children, and to propose that our law shall be assimilated to the more humane and civilized practice which prevails elsewhere.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

The number of books for children published in each year is becoming portentous. There seems to be a magic mill at work on their production—a magic mill like that salt mill which, in consequence of no one knowing the spell for stopping it, went on grinding out salt long after it had ground too much, till it had to be thrown into the sea, of whose briny condition it is, as everyone knows, the abiding cause. Book upon book, hundreds upon hundreds of books—the children's-book mill has been set off and who shall stop or slacken it? More wonderful still, it seems never to have ground too much. The market for the ware is inexhaustible. No literary speculation is so certainly remunerative as a children's book. It must be surprisingly below the mark not to find purchasers enough to give it good profits, and if really successful it sells off its thousands like sugarplums. You go into a bookshop with its walls a mosaic of glittering volumes and ask for some standard work or for the new book for adults, which has been "filling with one blast the posthorns of all" the reviews in the three kingdoms and, if it be in London or a small country town, (the University towns and one or two large provincial cities are better provided), the bookseller says he will send to the publishers for it. Name children's books, a dozen at random, he produces them forthwith, he has any number of copies of them. The mosaic which looks so imposing is chiefly made up of them—in fact the great bookseller's stock in trade seems to be all children's books. Whatever else may be found "a drug" there is no fear of these being left on his hands. Numbers of well-to-do people lavish of their money in all sorts of other directions are singularly chary of spending any of it on books; for themselves they buy none—the notion does not occur to them—unless it be a railway novel on a journey, but trust to Mudie's Library for their whole supply, except that if they are particularly desirous to see some new work of which Mudie's disappoints them too perseveringly, they inquire for it among their friends, or, if they chance to be acquaintances of the author, compliment him by begging or borrowing it from himself. Many people have to count their shillings too closely to have the courage to part with them to purchase the volumes they long to have in the little home library where there are no rules for how many may be had out at one time and no sorrow of returning. And many people do not get books as they do not get harpoons, because they have no use for them. But everybody buys the children their children's books.

And in what a reckless fashion do most of the purchasers pitch upon their purchases—one cannot talk of choice, unless the butterfly's action is choice when he alights upon one flower instead of another. A large majority of tales for children directly aim at instilling into them religious or moral precepts, in some cases even religious dogmas. Even if the moral lessons could be taken for granted as infallibly judicious and, what is as important and still more rare, judiciously conveyed, the religious lessons must vary with the authors. Yet these tales are given to the young readers indiscriminately, without examination: a goody book is sure to be good, and woodcuts and crimson-and-gold are an undeniable certificate. And the donors go to bed at night with a benevolent conscience and never think how they have perchance been sowing in the tender mind the seeds of the heresy their soul abhors, that they have presented their infant friend with a guide to Latitudinarianism, or Puritanism, or pious sentimentalism, or Philistinism, or whatever the ism they most disapprove may be. If their gift had been a box of bonbons they would have tried to make sure that there was no plaster of Paris among the sugar.

The present writer would like to ask, however, whether, supposing there to be plaster of Paris at all in the sugar, it is quite wise to rear children on bonbons, whether a little beef steak ought not to go to their diet, some of the food their elders make bone and muscle upon. Children are going to grow up; they will need robust intellects, or at all events will be the better for them, and, though robustness cannot be produced by urging them to precocious effort, still less can it be produced by keeping their minds limp and effortless.

One great fault of children's books as a class is that they are about children. Heroes and heroines not yet in their teens run their important careers, they are martyrs, benefactors, geniuses, wronged and blighted beings shining forth at last in a blaze of recognised virtue—or perhaps they are villains who do their exercises with the help of a surreptitious crib, and bully their immaculate schoolfellow—but at all events they are personages. Little boys and girls ought not to regard themselves, as these stories teach them to do, as possible personages, nor should they be set analysing their own characters and, as it were, watching themselves grow. They should be left to the happy humility of unspoiled children who do not discover that they are worth thinking about, and who postpone all their visionary promotion to "when I am grown up." Mrs. Browning's Little Ellie, weaving her baby's romance of by-and-by with its knight-errant on the red roan steed coming to be her lover and to be shown the delightful secret of the swan's nest among the reeds, is (although most of the children's bookmakers would think the lover an improper idea) in a wholesome and guileless state of imagination very different from that fostered in children whose fancies have been pastured within the narrow regions of a children's world as presented by the novelists of the nursery. Little Ellie, if she had been one of the fortunate children of the present day with a large library of her own, would have been picturing herself as the last sweet little girl she read about in the last sweet little book, with everybody admiring her for being so good, and so forbearing to her cross mama, and not knowing how pretty she was, and almost dying. And little Ellie, instead of shaking off this idealisation of her small self and going about her play and her tasks in her natural insignificance, as we may be sure she did after her knight-errant story, would have carried it with her and, under an abiding sense of sweet-little-girl-ishness, would have fallen into doing her goodness and modesty self-consciously, would have tried to play forbearance to her parents, and would have indulged aspirations after an early opportunity of almost dying.

Mental histrionism is common to children. It is the first phase of imagination; so soon as a child begins to remember and to imagine it does so dramatically and

acts the characters that have impressed it, whether in real life or in a story. A little later it leaves off the outward show of its impersonations and confines them to its silent musings, and on the unfettered stage of its own mind goes through all sorts of adventures, limited only by its power of conceiving them. This habit retained, as it often is, in advanced youth may be deleterious in much the same way as that indicated in little Ellie's supposed idealisation of herself into the nursery heroine—the chief danger of mental histrionism arising when it is near enough to a possible reality to take the place of reality. And at all events it is a waste of imagination which would be better employed beyond self. But in children it is an important faculty without which they would not pass beyond the crude facts of their daily lives; it is simply, in its birth and earliest stage of development, the all-important power, imagination—by which is here meant not merely the creative gift essential to the poet and the artist, but that ability to conceive and to appreciate other circumstances and other needs than those of our own actual experience which is part of the superiority of the practical man over the unpractical and a chief difference between the Prime Minister and Caliban. It is as inevitable an instinct in an average child as running and jumping, and we cannot crush it out, but it assimilates itself to what it feeds on and thus we can control it. The boy who is wont to fancy himself a Julius Cæsar, or a Jack the Giant Killer, or a King Alfred, has a manifest advantage over him whose choice can only wander among the Harolds and Algernons of good young ladies' stories of schoolboys.

A child should be allowed to read for the pleasure of it, like its elders; it would no more do to prescribe its literary amusements on a carefully arranged educational system of our own than to direct its games of romps and convert them into a judicious course of gymnastics. But, just as we may, without losing it the healthy freedom of its pleasure, encourage games which shall help, not hinder, its bodily growth, so we may encourage it, when it reads for amusement, to find that amusement in books which will expand its imagination and its sympathies and widen its mental range. Or we need not even encourage, it is enough not to discourage, not to entice it from better literature by surrounding it with story books which only children can read. Give it the run of your own library, and let it alone. The selection must be small indeed if it do not find a better children's book there than those specially written as such.

The most popular, the immortal, children's books were composed for adults. Robinson Crusoe, The Pilgrim's Progress, the ancient evergreen fairy tales, Gulliver's Travels, The Arabian Nights, were not written down to the supposed standard of infants' comprehensions and limited within the sphere of infants' lives. Such books have the strength but not the twaddle of simplicity, and they live, not by the favour of the guardians of youth, but by their own vitality. Children will read them again, and again, and again, till they all but know them by heart; and grown people, taking them up for the sake of the memories of their youth, discover that they are new to their maturer apprehension. It is difficult to name any book written expressly for children which can compete with these in children's favour, or which one could wish to do so. The author of Alice in Wonderland, indeed, seems to have found a secret for making a book for children and about a child which shall be as safe and as sparkling as pure water bubbling up with oxygen; but the daintiness of his excellent fooling is most appreciated by adults, it is they and not the children who have given the mad hatter and the mock turtle their place among our most popular heroes of romance—most children, left to their own judgments, prefer a more Herodotean style, they like the marvels told in a sober spirit of faith, and seem to have a sort of sense of being made game of themselves when they find out that the author is laughing. But, to proceed, it is not only the grown-up story books which make good children's books; the child allowed the run of a library finds for itself plenty of others. Often its choice is a surprise and puzzle to its elders, who find it calling one book amusing and another too difficult and too dull for it when they would have reversed the description. Plutarch's Lives is frequently a favourite, so is Shakespeare. One child who could never be tempted to history reading by the picturesque story-telling of more recent writers was found to take an intent delight in a trite and prosaic old Family History of England which it had found ignominiously shoved into an out-of-the-way corner; and this same child rejected all and each of the Waverley novels as "too difficult," while deriving constant pleasure from Shakespeare. To one little girl of ten Josephus was a light and agreeable author, to another of the same mature age a work instructing mothers in the management of their children's health was of never-failing interest.

If, when we found a young child absorbed in some such book as those cited, we were to catechise it word for word and fact for fact we should get but lame and impotent conclusions—literally speaking it does not understand what it reads. But it assimilates it, one knows not how; it is learning to understand, and we can no more discover the manner and the time of its arriving at definite comprehension of book lore than we can the manner and the time of its acquiring a definite comprehension of its mother-tongue. The child who cannot when questioned give you a meaning for any one of the long words in its favourite volume can surprise you by some spontaneous remark which shows that its mind has somehow translated them correctly enough into thoughts.

Some little supervision may be necessary, but it should be the least possible. And, as much as possible, Bowdlerising should be avoided. It oftener does harm than good; it gives a marked importance to what might pass unnoticed, and substitutes unwholesome curiosity for indifference. And you cannot Bowdlerise life. And you put the strong-spoken Bible into children's hands, which alone could defeat all your precautions. Safety lies not in an impossible attempt to keep the very name of harm unknown, but in the child's attention never being specially fixed on unseemly or dangerous topics by mystery-making, or by jesting which is not convenient, or by the inculcation of a too suggestive modesty. An immoral book, however blameless in its wording—a book, that is, which confuses right and wrong—should be kept out of a child's hands like poison; but the old-fashioned bluntness of a really sound and high-reaching book, even the occasional coarsenesses that may do it dishonour, like unmannerly weeds thrusting themselves into the obscurer corners of a noble garden, will leave a child as carelessly unconscious of depraved meanings as they found it. To keep a child's mind inert and vacuous is to expose it to far more real risk of contamination. The running water slips over mud and sand with never a soil; it is the still and sheltered water locked in its little pool that gets clogged and tainted.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GHOSTS AND VISIONS.

Of course we did not run away from New York merely because our good Bell was of opinion that the city had something too much of a French look. We had many excellent friends pressing their hospitalities on us; we had many places to visit; and then Queen T. must needs insist on telegraphing to England that letters should be sent out to us by a particular

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

steamer. Letters! No doubt when Columbus landed on the shores of San Salvador, and found a whole new world awaiting his explorations, his first impulse was to sit down and cry because he could not hear whether his mother-in-law's cold was better.

She was most economical, too, about that telegram. She would not have Lady Sylvia send a separate message.

"A couple of words extra will do," she said, "and they will understand to go over to the Hall and let your father—and Mr. Balfour, too—know that you have arrived safely. Why should you send a separate message?"

Why, indeed! The young wife was grateful to this kind friend of hers for so considerately throwing dust in our eyes. Why should she send a separate message to her husband, when the expense would be so desperate?

And although Queen T. lavished her time on writing letters to her boys at home, she always did that in the privacy of her own room, and rather strove to hide, or to make little of, these communications with England. Columbus himself, when the King and Queen asked him to give an account of his travels, could not have been more particular than this new discoverer in describing the wonderful things she had seen. The amount of information conveyed to those boys—who would much rather have had a sovereign sewn up between two cards—was enormous. On one occasion she was caught giving them a precise account of the Constitution of the United States, obviously cribbed from Mr. Nordhoff's 'Politics for Young Americans.' But then these budgets were generally written at night, and they were never paraded next day. When, before Lady Sylvia, she spoke of England, she treated it as a place of little account. Our necessary interests were in the things around us. One could not always be looking back, and indulging in sentiment. That was more to be pardoned—and, as she said this, the small philosopher was down at the Battery, her tender eyes gazing wistfully at a certain archway which barred our view of the sea beyond—that was more to be pardoned to the thousands upon thousands of sad-hearted men and women who had landed at this very point, who had passed through that archway with their hopes of the new world but feebly compensating them for their loss of home and kindred and friends. This, said she, was the most interesting spot in all America, and the most pathetic. And as she had been two whole days on this continent, we calmly acquiesced.

And at length the arrival of our letters, which contained a vast amount of important news about nothing at all, relieved the anxious hearts of the two mothers and set us free. We bid farewell to this Atlantic Paris, with its hot pavements, its green ailanthus trees, its dry air and intolerable thirst; and at about three o'clock on a strangely still and sultry day we drive down to the wharf and embark on a large and curiously-constructed steamer. But no sooner have we got out on to the broad bosom of the river than we find how grateful are these spacious saloons, and lofty archways, and cool awnings—for now the swift passage of the boat produces something like a breeze, and for a time we cease to brood on iced drinks. Under the pleasant awning we have our chairs, and books, and fruit; but the books are not much regarded, for, as we noiselessly and swiftly steam up against the current, it appears more and more certain that we have got into some mystic dreamland which can in no wise be any part of America, and that this river is not only neither the Hudson nor the Rhine, but wholly unlike any river seen out of a vision of the night. What is the meaning of the extraordinary still haze that kills out natural colours, and substitutes for them the mere phantasmagoria of things? The low and wooded hills that here bound the river ought to be green; they are, on the contrary, of a pale opalesque blue and white. The blue sky is faintly obscured; we can only catch glimpses of white villas in these dusky woods; all around is a sort of slumberous, strangely-hued mist; and the only definite colour visible is the broad pathway of sunlight on the stream, and that is of a deep and ruddy bronze where the ripples flash. We begin to grow oppressed by this strange gloom. Is it not somewhere in this neighbourhood that the most deevilish cantrips are still performed among the lonely hills, while the low thunder booms, and unearthly figures appear among the rocks? Should we be surprised if a ghostly barge put off from that almost invisible shore, bringing out to us a company of solemn and silent mariners, each with his horn of schnapps, and his hanger, and his ancient beard? Will they invite us to an awful carouse far up in the sombre mountains, while our hair turns slowly grey as we drink, and the immeasurable years go sadly by as we regard their wild faces? "Bell, Bell!" we cry, "exorcise these Dutch fiends! Sing us a Christian song! Quick—before the thunder rolls!" And so, in the midst of this dreadful stillness, we hear a sweet and cheerful sound, and our hearts grow light. It is like the ringing of church bells over fields of yellow corn:—

Faintly as tolls the evening chime—

the sound is low, but it is clear and sweet as the plashing of a fountain—

Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;

And, indeed, there are two voices now humming the subdued melody to us—

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn!

Surely the mists begin to clear, and the sun is less spectral over those dusky hills? Hendrick Hudson—Vanderdecken—whatever in the devil's name they call you—be off, you and your ghastly crew! We will not shake hands; but we wish you a safe return to your gloomy rocks, and may your barrels of schnapps never be empty! We can see them retire; there is no expression on their faces, but the black eyes glitter, and they stroke their awful beards. The dark boat crosses the lane of bronzed sunshine; it becomes more and more dusky as it nears the shore; it vanishes into the mist! And what is this now, close at hand?—

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer!
Grant us cool heavens and favouring air!

Vanderdecken, farewell! There will be solemn laughter in the hills to-night.

But there is no romance about this German ex-lieutenant, who exhibits an unconscionable audacity in talking to anybody and everybody, not excepting the man at the wheel himself; and of course he has been asking what this strange atmospheric phenomenon meant.

"Ha!" he says, coming along, "do you know what it is, this strange mist? It is the forests on fire—for miles, and miles, and miles—away over in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania, and it has been going on for weeks, so that the whole air is filled with the smoke. Do you smell it now? And there is not enough wind to carry it away—no—it lies about here, and you think it is a thunder-storm. But it is not always—I mean everywhere; and the captain says there is not any at West-point, which is very good indeed. And it is very beautiful there, everyone says; and the hotel is high up on the hill."

In the meantime this mystical river had been getting broader, until it suddenly presented itself to us in the form of a wide and apparently circular lake, surrounded with mountains, the wooded slopes of which descended abruptly to the shores, and were there lost in a wilderness of rocks and bushes. Do you wonder that Bell called out—

"It is the Holy Loch! Shall we go ashore at Kilmun?"

And then the river narrowed again; and the waters were very green; and of course we bethought ourselves of the Rhine, flowing rapidly along its deep gorge.

Or was it not rather one of the shores of the Lake of Geneva? Look at the picturesque little villas stuck over the rocks, amid the bushes and trees; while the greens seem all the more intense that the sun out there in the West has become a rayless orb of dusky and crimson fire—as round and red and dull a thing as ever appeared in a Swiss lithograph. It never seemed to occur to any of us that after all this was not the Holy Loch, nor the Rhine, nor the Lake of Geneva, but simply the river Hudson.

And yet we could not help reverting to that Rhine fancy when we landed on the little wooden pier; and entered a high hotel-omnibus; and were dragged by two scraggy horses up an exceedingly steep and dusty road to a hotel planted far above the river, on the front of a plateau, and amidst trees. It was a big, wide hotel, mostly built of wood, and with verandahs all round; and there were casements to the bedroom windows; and everywhere in the empty and resounding corridors an odour as of food cooked with a fair amount of oil. We threw open one of these casements. There was a blaze of fire in the west. The wooded hills were of a dark green. Far below us flowed the peaceful river, with a faint mist gathering on it in the shadows.

Then, by-and-by, we descended to the large, bare-walled, bare-floored, but brilliantly-lighted saloon, in which the guests were assembling for dinner; and now it was no longer the Rhine, for the first object that struck the eye was the sharp contrast between the dazzling white of the tables and the glossy black faces and heads of the waiters. From this time forwards, it may here be said, we began to acquire a great liking for those coloured folk—not from any political sympathy, for we were but indifferently fierce politicians—but simply because we found Sambo, so far as we had the honour of making his acquaintance, remarkably good-natured, attentive, cheerful, and courteous. There was always an element of surprise about Sambo; the solemn, black, bullet-head suddenly showing a blaze of white teeth, as he said, "Yes, sah!" and "Yes, mahm!" and laughingly went off to execute orders which he had never in the least understood. There was so much of the big baby about him, too. It is quite certain that Queen T. deliberately made the most foolish blunders in asking for things, in order to witness the suppressed and convulsive amusement of these huge children; and that, so far from her being annoyed by their laughing at her, she was delighted by it, and covertly watched them when they thought they were unobserved. She was extremely tickled, too, by the speech of some of them, which was a great deal nearer that of Mr. Bones, of St. James's Hall, than she had at all expected it would be. In fact, in the privacy of her own chamber, she endeavoured once or twice——. But this may be read by her boys, who have enough of their mother's wicked and irreverent ways.

Then, after dinner, we went out to the chairs on the wide and wooden balcony, high up here over the still-flowing river, in the silence of the hot, still, dark night. A grey haze lay along the bed of the stream; the first stars overhead were becoming visible. Far away behind us stretched those dusky hills into which the solemn Dutchmen had disappeared; were they waiting now for the first glimmer of the moon before coming out to begin their ghostly carouse? Could we call to them, over the wide gulf of space, and give them an invitation in our turn? *"Ho! ho! Vanderdecken—Hendrick Hudson—whatever they call you—come, you and your gloomy troop, down the hill-sides and through the valleys—and we will sing you a song as you smoke your clays! The dogs shall not bark at you; and the children are all in bed; and when you have smoked and drank deep, you will depart in peace! Ho! ho!—Ho! ho!"*

Could we not hear some echo from those mystic hills?—a rumble of thunder, perhaps?

"Listen!" called out our Bell—but it was not the hoarse response of Vanderdecken that she heard—"there it is again—in among the trees there—don't you hear it—*Katy-did! Katy-did! Katy-did!*"

And by-and-by, indeed, the hot, still night-air became filled with these calls in the dark; and as we watched the moon rise over the hills, our fancies forsook the ghostly Dutchmen, and were busy about that mysterious and distant Katy, whose doings had so troubled the mind of this poor, anxious insect. What was it, then, that Katy did, that is never to be forgotten? Was it merely that she ran away with some gay young sailor from over the seas; and you, you miserable, envious, censorious creature, you must needs tell all the neighbours, and give the girl no peace? And when she came back, too, with her husband the skipper, and her five bonny boys, and when they both would fain have settled down in their native village, she to her spinning-wheel, and he to his long clay and his dram, you would not even then let the old story rest. *Katy-did!—Katy-did!* And what then? Peace, you chatterer, you tell-tale, you scandal-monger; or we will take you to be the imprisoned spirit of some deceased and despicable slanderer, condemned for ever to haunt the darkness of the night with your petulant, croaking cry.

. . . . . .

Ho, ho! Vanderdecken! Cannot you send us a faint halloo? The moon is high over the hills now; and the wan light is pouring down into the valleys. Your dark figures, as you come out from the rocks, will throw sharp shadows on the white roads. Why do you draw your cowls over your face?—the night is not chilly at all; and there is no one to see you as you pass silently along. Ho, ho! Vanderdecken! The night is clear. Our hands shall not tremble as we lift the bowl to you. Cannot you send us a faint halloo?

. . . . . .

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heavens and favouring air,
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

—Or is it the tinkling of the sheep-bells on our Surrey downs, with the sunlight shining on the spire of the church, and the children walking between the hedges, the blue sky over all? Or is it the clear, sweet singing of the choir that we hear?—falling on the grateful sense like the cool plashing of running water? Gloomy phantoms have no place on our Surrey downs; the air is bright there; there is a sound as of someone singing.

. . . . . .

Katy-did; Katy-did! Was it on such a night as this that she stole away from her home—and looked pale and troubled as she fled along the lonely road to the side of the stream? See how the moon lights up the dusky sides of the hills, and touches the rounded foliage of the woods, and flashes a bold line of silver across the broad, smooth river! There are other lights down there, too—the coloured lights of moving boats; and will she step on board with a quick, hurried, trembling foot, and hide her pale face and streaming eyes in her lover's arms? Farewell, farewell, to the small, empty room, and its flowers. Farewell to the simple life and the daily task—for the great, eager, noisy world lies all ahead, unknown and terrible. Swiftly speeds the boat through the moonlight and the mist—there is no sound as it goes—not even a faint and parting cheer from Vanderdecken and his merry men as they solemnly gaze down from the hills.

. . . . . .

It is the lieutenant who rouses us from our dreams.

"Lady Sylvia," says he, "you know the Rhine—were you ever at Rolandseck? Do not you think this place is very like Rolandseck?"

For a second or two she could not answer. Had she ever been to Rolandseck on the Rhine?

LITERATURE.

SULLY ON PESSIMISM.

Pessimism. A History and a Criticism. By James Sully. London: H. S. King and Co.

Pessimism, under the aspect in which it now presents itself for examination at the bar of critical opinion, may be defined as a habit of mind striving to get itself legitimated as a system of thought. Of its subjective foundation in certain temperaments—of the existence of individuals to whom the general scheme of things appears and therefore practically is a world that should not have existed—there can be no dispute. The question remains whether the generalisation thus deduced from the impressions or experiences of a limited number of persons can be erected into an axiom, and used as the starting-point of a theory of the universe. This is the point to the examination of which Mr. Sully has especially addressed himself, nor could it have been referred to a more discerning and impartial judge. This book might have been briefer, and to that extent better, if he could have relied upon his readers bringing the same preliminary knowledge to the study of the question as himself. Fortunately for mankind, but unfortunately for conciseness, the subject is one necessitating very considerable explanation and illustration to the average human being who, as Mr. Martineau puts it, has neither broken his leg nor lost his Pennsylvanian dividends. The general feeling of men on the subject is admirably symbolised by the fable of "Death and the Woodcutter." They complain of the burden of life, but would rather do anything with it than lay it down. It is the best and perhaps the only good argument to be adduced for pessimism that a sincere pessimist cannot well be a Philistine, and *vice versâ*. Mr. Sully is therefore obliged to enter very thoroughly into his subject. He must, in the first place, define what pessimism is; secondly, describe it historically; thirdly, consider it subjectively as a way of thinking constitutionally inherent in certain minds; and fourthly and principally, investigate the claims of this mode of thought to have recovered the missing clue to the maze of the universe. The result of this investigation being to resolve pessimism into poetry, and utterly explode its pretensions as a logically coherent system of philosophical thought, Mr. Sully has next to expound his own theory, a modified form of optimism, to which he has given the name of meliorism. The work is thus necessarily very comprehensive. If we cannot describe it as a *multum in parvo*, we may credit it with the hardly inferior distinction of having completely occupied the ground. It contains between its own covers whatever is necessary for a complete understanding of the subject. Controversies may still be carried on by partisans on one side or the other; but for such another thorough digest and impartial review of the whole subject from a neutral standpoint, there will, in our literature at least, be no justification and no room.

Mr. Sully's investigation of pessimism is undertaken from the side most favourable to it, that is, the hedonistic point of view, from which the value of existence is estimated according to the preponderance of pleasure over pain. This involves a large concession to the pessimist, whose contention that the world is one that had better not have existed could hardly be maintained if any other criterion had been determined upon. Supposing, for example, that the universe were regarded as a stage in the evolution of a perfect Being, or as an arena for the moral and spiritual perfecting of immortal individuals, it would be impossible to demonstrate the failure of a process as yet in its initial stage. The adoption of either of these theories, however, would have excluded Mr. Sully from common ground with the thinkers whose theories he is examining. It is, therefore, fortunate for the purposes of his argument that he should have felt able to place himself at the hedonistic point of view, which at all events insures the fullest discussion of the subject. From it Mr. Sully is able to address himself to the stronghold of pessimism, its empirical basis. It is confidently asserted, especially by Hartmann, that all experience proves the sorrow of existence to surpass the joy. In a brief but masterly chapter Mr. Sully shows the assertion to be contrary to the experience of man as a social being. The sophistries by which Hartmann endeavours to discredit the idea of social progress are refuted by the mere statement of them. But if man progresses socially he must progress individually, for society is merely a congeries of individuals. And to allow of this improvement is to surrender the main position of pessimism, which requires not merely that the world should be bad, but that it should be incapable of amendment by any process save one tending towards self-extinction. Schopenhauer and Hartmann prescribe the renunciation of the will to live as the only remedy for the malady of the universe. Since the first dawnings of social life the world has gone on exactly the opposite principle. Existence has been complicated and intensified, with the undeniable result of multiplying pleasures and mitigating pains. The pessimists' doctrine may therefore be affirmed to be contrary to experience, the sole authority to which, on the hedonistic basis common to them and to their present critic, they are in strictness entitled to appeal.

Pessimists, however, are no better satisfied than other philosophers to deduce all their arguments from experience, and have accordingly sought to provide their system with a "metaphysical base" and a "scientific base," whose validity is scrutinised by Mr. Sully in three exceedingly acute chapters. As he observes, "they seek to transcend experience, and to base experience on an underlying structure of ontological conceptions." His decisive proof of the inefficiency of all such speculation to constitute scientific certainty cuts away the ground at once from under such dazzling generalisations as Schopenhauer's definition of the universe as the product of a Will to Live, or Hartmann's invention of the "Unconscious." But apart from these general considerations, Mr. Sully shows that Schopenhauer's nomenclature is wholly capricious. The primal energy he posits, might just as well have been called by any other name consistent with impersonality. It might be added that the kernel of Schopenhauer's thought is not pessimism but pantheism. What is really essential he has in common with all pantheistic thinkers: the pessimistic tinge is the accident of his peculiar mental constitution. The most determined optimist might cordially embrace his system, in so far as it is a philosophy; while reversing its conclusions on human welfare and destiny in obedience to his own more accurate observation of the facts of life. Nor need the ethical divergence be serious, for Schopenhauer's morality cannot easily be surpassed. It may even be alleged that his errors arise from his forgetting as a speculative philosopher what he had taught as a moralist. All wickedness, he is for ever insisting, arises from the individual setting himself up as an individual, in opposition to the whole of which he is a unit. "In my own person, I have my true being; everything else, on the other hand, is not I, and foreign to me—this is the confession which is at the root of all egotism, and whose practical expression is found in every loveless, unjust, or unkind action." While, however, Schopenhauer's ethics breathe the most perfect disinterestedness, his speculation is the impersonation of the most colossal egotism. It is worth noting that all great pessimists hitherto known have also been great egotists. It may be doubted whether Schopenhauer's successor, Hartmann, falls under either definition. He has been so much of an egotist as to publish his auto-

biography in his lifetime, and so little of one as to profess himself contented with that lot in life to which it has pleased Heaven to call him. In his first work he evinced a preternatural ingenuity in discovering causes for misery; in his last, a masterly little sketch of the gradual disintegration of Christian dogma, his pessimism is refined into something hardly distinguishable from Mr. Sully's "meliorism." He is a brilliant and suggestive writer, but essentially a rhetorician and sophist, which Schopenhauer was not. No one has more forcibly exhibited the evidences of intelligent action in Nature, which, by some occult process of reasoning, he has convinced himself are so many proofs of Nature's unconsciousness. Mr. Sully justly argues that a more natural corollary from such premisses would be a teleological theism.

Having thus thoroughly examined the pessimistic philosophy of life, Mr. Sully addresses himself to the exposition of his own. His argument proceeds entirely upon hedonistic principles, and he is compelled to concede the impossibility of any accurate balancing of individual pleasures and pains. The individual can hardly strike such a balance for himself, much less for mankind at large. To obtain a solution, the question "Does pleasure exceed pain?" should rather be expressed "Is happiness attainable?" Mr. Sully does not overlook the objection that "if we are unable to determine whether pleasure predominates over pain, *à fortiori* it must be impossible to determine whether happiness (*ex hypothesi* a particular arrangement of pleasure) be attainable." He answers, "By conceiving happiness as the mind's own voluntary construction out of the passively received materials of feeling, it may be possible to define its factors, and to assign the conditions of its realisation." That is, happiness may be attained on condition of wishing and working for it. To this qualified optimism, which does not differ widely from Martin's "Travaillons notre jardin," Mr. Sully gives the name of "meliorism." Its hedonistic orthodoxy or heresy we must leave to be settled by the school. It is more important to feel assured that it is a thoroughly sound, workable, cheerful, and wholesome system of practical ethics, perfectly exempt from the superficiality and *naïveté* of commonplace optimism. It is equally exempt from the selfishness generally chargeable against ethical systems which place man's enjoyment before his moral and spiritual development. By disregarding the isolated visitations of pleasure and pain, and regarding in preference the total complexion of life, Mr. Sully is led to consider man less as an individual than as the constituent of a great whole, whose happiness is largely dependent upon his relation to the rest. The welfare of the generality is thus made a most influential factor in the happiness of the individual, and the self-regarding virtues, only indirectly beneficial to society, lose prominence in comparison with those which immediately bear upon its well-being. The distinction between the frequency of pleasurable emotions, and the persistence of an equable content as the aim of life, is ethically of great importance. The former, as may be seen in the recent essays in which it is recommended, is consistent with aversion to public interests, and unconcern for the public good. The latter is positively unattainable in a suffering community, and the intelligent hedonist is thus coerced into patriotism and public spirit.

We should have wished to quote Mr. Sully's observations on the collective pursuit of happiness, as well as his refined analysis of the element of dissatisfaction which must always qualify every estimate of life, and his estimate of the beneficial operation of pessimism as a corrective of optimistic extravagances, and a warning signal of social disorders. Space forbids, and we can only repeat our commendation of his work as a most complete and comprehensive analysis of a philosophical question of great practical interest, intelligible to any cultivated reader, and inspired by a candour which raises it out of the region of controversy into that of pure scientific research. This anxious impartiality is only to be regretted in so far as it may have conduced to diffuseness. The Iliad of pessimism cannot be put into a nutshell; yet, in any subsequent edition, the work could but gain by a severer concentration both of thought and style.

HUXLEY'S AMERICAN ADDRESSES.

American Addresses. With a Lecture on the Study of Biology. By Thomas H. Huxley. London: Macmillan and Co. 1877.

[*First Notice.*]

The 'American Addresses' in this volume consist of three lectures on Evolution, delivered at New York, in September of last year, and an address delivered at the opening of the John Hopkins University in Baltimore in the same month. The last chapter of the book consists of a lecture on the study of biology, delivered at the South Kensington Museum in connexion with the Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus, on December 10, 1876. At the commencement of his first lecture on Evolution Professor Huxley states the three hypotheses that have been put forth to explain the existence of diverse species of plants and animals on the earth. First, that things have always been as they now are; second, that there was once chaos, and that the Divinity made all living and other things in a certain order and in a certain definite space of time, and that they have remained as He made them ever since, a hypothesis which the writer names "Miltonic;" and third, the doctrine of evolution. In giving his reasons for calling the doctrine of special creation the "Miltonic hypothesis" Professor Huxley brings out his powers of sarcasm, and hurls some bitter irony at the heads of those who endeavoured to reconcile tradition with modern science (or as he put it many years ago "to force the generous new wine of science into the worn old bottles of Judaism"), a class of persons who always seem to excite him to greater anger than any other. He says that he will not call it the Mosaic or even the Biblical hypothesis, for—

> If we are to listen to many expositors of no mean authority, we must believe that what seems so clearly defined in Genesis—as if very great pains had been taken that there should be no possibility of a mistake—is not the meaning of the text at all. The account is divided into periods that we may make just as long or as short as convenience requires. We are also to understand that it is consistent with the original text to believe that the most complex plants and animals may have been evolved by natural processes, lasting for millions of years, out of structureless rudiments. A person who is not a Hebrew scholar can only stand aside and admire the marvellous flexibility of a language which admits of such diverse interpretations. . . . .
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> In the third place I have carefully abstained from speaking of this as the Mosaic doctrine, because we are now assured upon the authority of the highest critics, and even of dignitaries of the Church, that there is no evidence that Moses wrote the Book of Genesis, or knew anything about it. . . . . Happily, Milton leaves us no excuse for doubting what he means, and I shall therefore be safe in speaking of the opinion in question as the Miltonic hypothesis.

We remember the time when Professor Huxley, in dealing with this particular doctrine which he now calls the Miltonic, did not hesitate to use such phrases as "imaginings of the rude inhabitants of Syria," "the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrew," and so on; let us hope that his exchanging such tremendous and uncompromising language for quiet though biting sarcasm, may be due to the fact that the spread of scientific information amongst the class of persons who generally attack the doctrine of evolution has made their assaults on scientific theories and their professors less bitter than they were in the first year of the publication of Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' It is a curious fact that here Professor Huxley attacks those who try to reconcile the Genesis account, as it is generally understood, with some form of evolution, whereas in old time he had to attack those who denied evolution in any form, because it was inconsistent with their conception of the Genesis account of creation. Were these attempts to reconcile tradition and science only made by preachers and essayists it would be a question whether it did not do more harm than good to the future of scientific ideas to keep crying, "You cannot reconcile them; if science is truth, tradition must be false;" but we must remember that there are men technically acquainted with scientific

facts, and who thoroughly believe in evolution, even men who have started theories of their own as to how evolution comes about, who hold the belief that evolution and tradition do not contradict each other.

However, on the whole, these lectures are not very polemical. Professor Huxley takes all the old, time-worn, often exploded arguments against evolution, which still seem fresh and pertinent to the opponents of that doctrine, and goes over them patiently, and refutes them one by one, and endeavours once more to put before his readers what the doctrine of evolution really is. For his arguments we must refer the reader to the book itself, as they are too concise to admit of being condensed, merely remarking that the writer takes evolution in its broadest sense, and in no way confines his attention to the doctrine of natural selection or the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence upon which Darwin's theory of evolution is principally based.

Professor Huxley is at great pains to explain the value of intercalary forms, *i.e.*, "those intermediate forms between two groups which do not represent the actual passage from one group to the other," showing that they often enable us to form some idea of the corresponding lineal types, *i.e.*, types which indicate the nature of the steps by which the transition from one group to the other was effected; and also points out that as the existence of intercalary forms is a necessary consequence of the doctrine of evolution, therefore the fact that they do exist is to a certain extent evidence in favour of that doctrine.

One argument which will probably strike the general reader more forcibly than any other, is that illustrated by an admirably drawn plate of the fore-foot, hind-foot, fore-arm, leg, upper molar and lower molar of the horse, pliohippus, protohippus, miohippus, mesohippus, and orohippus, showing how by almost insensible gradations these parts of the horse might have been evolved from those of an animal (the orohippus) with four toes on the front foot and three on the hind foot, possessing a radius and ulna distinct from each other, a complete and detached fibula and short-crowned grinders of simple pattern, every figure in this plate being taken from a specimen at Yale. It is a remarkable fact, by the way, that, whilst the modern form of horse was unknown in America at the time of the discovery of the continent by Europeans, the fossil beds of the western territories of America have yielded some of the most valuable and instructive types of ancient horses and horse-like animals, so that, as Professor Huxley observes:—"We must look to America, rather than to Europe, for the original seat of the equine series; and the archaic forms and successive modifications of the horse's ancestry are far better preserved here" (in America) "than in Europe."

Before leaving these lectures on evolution, we must quote two passages from them, which strike us as being not only admirable, but also as being most characteristic of the author:—"I have already suggested that in dealing with these three hypotheses"—*i.e.*, the three theories by which the present state of life on the earth is explained—"in endeavouring to form a judgment as to which of them is the more worthy of belief, or whether none is worthy of belief—in which case our condition of mind should be that suspension of judgment which is so difficult to all but trained intellects—we should be indifferent to all *à priori* considerations. The question is a question of historical fact. The Universe has come into existence somehow or other, and the problem is, whether it came into existence in one fashion, or whether it came into existence in another."

The other passage is a grand profession of faith:—"Scientific men get an awkward habit—no, I won't call it that, for it is a valuable habit—of believing nothing unless there is evidence for it, and they have a way of looking upon belief which is not based upon evidence not only as illogical, but as immoral."

Professor Huxley sums up the case for evolution, and especially evolution in the case of the horse, in the following words:—"The doctrine of evolution, at the present time, rests upon exactly as secure a foundation as the Copernican theory of the motions of the planets did at the time of its promulgation. Its logical basis is precisely of the same character—the coincidence of the observed facts with theoretical requirements. The only way of escape, if it be a way of escape, from the conclusions which I have just indicated, is the supposition that all these different equine forms have been created separately at separate epochs of time."

THE HONOURABLE MISS FERRARD.

The Honourable Miss Ferrard. By the Author of 'Hogan M.P.' London: Bentley.

The authoress of 'The Honourable Miss Ferrard' and 'Hogan M.P.' has proved that she can write an exceedingly clever novel. Whether she will be that much-desired individual who is to take the place of Lever to the present generation remains yet to be seen, but her Irish novels are certainly the best and most amusing that we have had for a long time. "I do believe," said one of the characters in 'Hogan M.P.', "that for anybody who is fond of studying character, individual or national, a more interesting field is not to be found in the whole world than Ireland." This is undoubtedly very true from certain points of view. There is an originality and at the same time a variety of character to be met with in Ireland, greater perhaps for its limits than is to be found in many if not most other collections of men and cities. But it requires a very skilful hand to deal at all fitly with any of them, and a still more skilful hand to deal with all—to represent a little Irish cosmogony at any given time. Lady Morgan drew Ireland, or rather Dublin, as she saw it most admirably, and her novels deserved a far better fate than the complete oblivion into which they have fallen, an oblivion no less ill-deserved than the unreasoning admiration that was awarded to them during the lifetime of their authoress. Lever, in his early novels, drew a delightfully impossible Ireland, and made it seem possible; his later books, when they touch upon Ireland, pourtray an exceedingly possible country so as to make it seem almost impossible. Lover's novels were more extravagant than Lever's and many shades less delightful, but capital in their way; William Carleton's stories are gloomy and painful; and with Gerald Griffin, the last and in many respects the best of the race, whose admirable novel, 'The Collegians,' is the original of Boucicault's absurd *Colleen Bawn*, a fact little known to the London playgoer, the Irish novel passed away into obscurity, to be abandoned to cheap periodicals and the dime romance.

Indeed, the ideal Ireland that still holds its place upon the stage may be said to have passed from the region of novel-writing altogether. The novels of the authoress of 'Hogan M.P.' are, as we have said, the best types of the Irish novel that we have had for many a day, but they would be sadly disappointing to many readers. Never in these pages is to be found the good young squire with the taste for rebellion, the wicked squire with the taste for treachery, the faithful and aggressively humorous retainer, the English officer, the pretty peasant girl, and, above all, the invariable parish priest, with his top-boots, his whip, and his whisky-keg; in a word, all the beings who inhabit Ireland—on the boards of our metropolitan theatres. There is a strong feeling of reality about the characters in 'The Honourable Miss Ferrard,' and the story is exceedingly simple; its plot may be sketched in a few words. An Englishman named Satterthwaite comes over to Ireland, to Galway, to buy an estate. Here he comes across the wholly and hopelessly ruined family of the Ferrards, fallen from their high estate to a condition of complete poverty. Their fall is owed to their own reckless extravagance, but they want in their fall the consolation afforded by the love and admiration generally accorded by the Irish peasant to people who have sunk through extravagance. The reason of this is that they are not Catholics. Had they been so they would have received the sympathy of the common

people, and "their misfortunes would have been ascribed to 'the troubles,' to their rulers, to the English," to anything, in fact, but to its right cause.

But the Ferrards were Protestants, stem and branch, consequently their poverty and degradation brought them only contumely. They were treated by the Catholics as the poor whites were treated in the slave states of America in former times, despised by their more fortunate fellow-citizens. They received none of the adulation and respect accorded so lavishly to the estated heretic who drives his carriage and pair. As poor Protestants, shiftless and dirty as the Catholics themselves, they were held as creatures with whom even the devil had broken his contract. They were an anomaly, an anachronism, and unaccountable.

The family was represented, at the time of Satterthwaite's visit to Ireland, by old Lord Darraghmore, by several sons, whose existence is passed in poaching, and one daughter, Helena, the Honourable Miss Ferrard. They all live in a state of dirt, disorder, and degradation that is almost appalling, if it may be accepted as a credible picture—and it seems to bear the impress of truth—of any kind of existence in Ireland. In the midst of all the surroundings Helena—or Hel, as she is generally called—stands out, of course, by reason of her beauty. This is how she is first represented to the reader:—

She was a slight, unformed creature, perhaps sixteen years old. Her hair, thick and black, was plaited in one rough, loose tail, that hung nearly to her waist. It grew low on her forehead, but her temples were wide and clear; the eyebrows black, straight, and close-set; her eyes were a long almond shape, and their colour was the rarest, sweetest colour in the world, violet blue. The lashes were long and thick, and turned up at the ends. For the rest the profile was irregular, the nose the least bit *retroussé*, and the upper lip rather short; but the teeth were the most beautiful little pearls when she smiled, which the Honourable Helena Ferrard did not often vouchsafe to do. The red lips parted, and they showed with a flash that was like a surprise. Her skin was pale, naturally pale—perhaps olive would describe her complexion best; and the expression of her face, grievous to relate, was ill-tempered in the extreme. The straight, fine brows were almost always puckered in a frown, and the front of her underlip, though in part natural, was also in great part acquired. It was a troubled, anxious little face altogether, and though a forbidding face, with such a charm of its own that one who saw it once must remember it ever after. Her figure was unformed or angular. She had, like her father, fine hands and feet, but, truth to say, their unwashed condition detracted as much from the one as did the huge coarse brogues and knitted stockings from the other. She wore a skirt of black wool—just what the peasants had—so coarse that it might be taken for bearskin; a hideously made tunic of cheap black material; no collar, no cuffs, no brooch or attempt at girlish decoration of any kind. Such was the attire of Lord Darraghmore's daughter.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to tell the practised novel-reader that Mr. Satterthwaite—whom, by the way, we can hardly imagine except as acted by Mr. Henry Neville, for he has the same theatrical frankness and manliness—falls desperately in love with Hel, but his case is hopeless; she is engaged to a fine young farmer, Jim Devereux, and at the end of the story she goes off to Canada with him, and Satterthwaite abandons Ireland to take a tour in Russia. The sad pathos of the ending is very strongly and delicately given; indeed, the beginning and ending of the book are by far its best parts, for the first volume promises more than is fulfilled by the next, while the conclusion is so good that the intermediate shortcomings are forgotten or forgiven. Prominent among these shortcomings is a tendency to digress, which, in the first part of the book, takes the historical form, as when we are given an account of Helena's adoption by two aunts at Bath, from whose prim strictness, as it appears to her, she runs away, a digression which, admirably and humorously though it is done, is too long for its little bearing on the story. In the later volumes the digression assumes a didactical shape, and introduces into conversation disquisitions upon various social and economic problems which, unless managed with the most consummate tact and skill, are generally as well left out of a book of the kind. But the gravest fault in the book is a fault unfortunately too common among Irish writers—the fault of running down their own country and people as contrasted with England and the English. At best it is in very bad taste, and this kind of covert flattery is rarely pleasing to its object, who is generally able to see through it, and often to despise it. The authoress of 'The Honourable Miss Ferrard' is evidently Irish, and it is not pleasant to find any Irish authoress presenting a picture of Irish life and manners with hardly one redeeming trait to relieve the dirt, ignorance, and brutality that is brought so prominently forward. Were it not for this, however, we should have nothing but praise to offer the 'Honourable Miss Ferrard.' It is a good story well told, the pathos and the passion are genuine and impressive, and the minor characters, especially Mrs. Really, are sketched in with a strong hand. Continued practice is sure to bring increased power and progress towards perfection to this exceedingly clever novelist.

THE RACES OF MAN.

The Races of Man and their Geographical Distribution. From the German of Oscar Peschel. London: H. S. King and Co. 1876.

A fatality seems to have attended this work through every stage of its development. As we are informed by its author, it was originally intended to be the joint production of himself and of his Prussian Excellency, F. M. Count Roon, to whose authoritative suggestion it owes its origin; that eminent officer having requested Dr. Peschel to undertake the revision, or rather remoulding, of a new edition of the article "Ethnology" for his Political Geography. In obedience to this request, Dr. Peschel, in 1869, began his labours with the understanding that the new work was to bear the Marshal's name as well as his own, and be submitted to him for approval before going to press. The events of 1870-71, and Count Roon's failing health interfered with these intentions, and as the work now appears, it bears no obvious indication that he in any way contributed towards its composition. Unfortunately for the value of the book as an authoritative manual of science, Dr. Peschel himself fell ill in the very midst of his labours, and after having devoted five years to the task of collecting materials, his constantly increasing illness prevented a continuance of the arduous course of research on which he had entered. The result of this is strongly marked in the difference between the earlier and latter portions of the volume; for while the chapters treating of the physical, linguistic, and social characteristics of mankind are exhaustive, the latter half of the work, in which this redundancy of materials should be made to elucidate the more important questions of the nature and causes of ethnological differences, bears evident marks of haste, and is neither satisfactory nor conclusive in the views which it presents.

Apart, however, from the unsatisfactory nature of these and some few other points, the book is a most useful and important addition to scientific literature. Till its appearance in an English form we had no work of the kind. As a compendium of the materials from which the science of ethnology must ultimately be built up, it is invaluable; but it would be going too far to assert that it is calculated to impress its readers with any very firm faith in the authoritative character to which it already lays claim. Dr. Peschel's microscopically minute dissection of details, and his enumeration of endlessly varied characteristics of body and mind as distinctive differences of race, strike one as no less tedious than inconclusive; while the heterogeneous masses of materials which have been gathered together from the writings and reports of travellers past and present, from unscientific as well as scientific sources, might justify the reader in coming to the conclusion that, if such be the grounds on which theories of racial descent are to be based, much yet remains to be done before ethnology can be regarded in the light of a well established science.

Dr. Peschel begins by considering man's place in nature, together with the similarities and the differences distinguishing men from the apes with which Linnæus united them in one order, and with which modern science associates them as joint descendants from one common stock. Notwithstanding the long and fierce strife that has raged on this ground of enquiry, it cannot

be said that science has as yet spoken decisively on the point. No one will deny that while the skulls of children and young chimpanzees can scarcely be distinguished, the cranial differences between the two become so marked after infancy, that by the time the child has attained to manhood the mature ape exhibits only the brain of a child with the jaws of an ox. This fact proves that man could not have originated from the progressive evolution of these apes, since the development of the two is directed to different ends, and the further they advance towards them, the greater are the differences they present. In some of the lowest species of apes we find greater resemblances to man than in the anthropomorphous species, and hence Darwin and his adherents maintain that it is from some long extinct species of these lower groups that we must derive the ancestors of mankind. Dr. Peschel, however, correctly observes that, if this conjecture is to be recognised by science, we must discover the intermediate or transitional forms of these apes somewhere in the eocene deposits, since, however probable it may be that man branched off from some primal order in the early tertiary period, the opinion cannot claim to be more than an hypothesis till it is confirmed by such a discovery.

In discussing the vexed question of the seat of origin of the human race, and man's subsequent distribution, the author shows uncalled-for anxiety to reconcile orthodoxy with science, and to explain that the view which he adopts, that man first appeared in the Indian Ocean itself on a submerged continent—the Lemuria of Sclater—which may have comprised Madagascar, Eastern Africa, Ceylon, and even the Celebes in the far East, has the merit of including the four enigmatical rivers of Eden, and of providing, in the assumed submergence of the Lemurian continent, an explanation of the causes of the forced expulsion from Paradise. Barring a few such eccentric fancies, Dr. Peschel's introductory chapter is full of interest, and as a whole is singularly free from individual speculations, while it gives a fair and clear summary of all that is accepted, or conjectured, by our highest scientific authorities, on man's origin and earliest condition.

His very elaborate compendium of the physical characters of races no doubt contains an accumulation of extremely interesting materials, not easily accessible to ordinary readers, but they would have been far more useful to the student had they been more carefully sifted. It shakes one's faith in a writer's judgment to find that individual traits, which may crop up in all climes and under every shade of colour, are regarded as significant characteristics of race.

Dr. Peschel considers at great length the religious, or emotional, side of human nature among uncivilised nations, and the influences which local surroundings have had on different forms of belief; and enters minutely into the history of the development of the monotheism of the Hebrews, which led directly to the widely diverging religious systems of Christianity and Islamism. The influence which special kinds of food have in modifying temperament, and through the latter in directing the religious bias of nations, is ingeniously traced by the author as the controlling cause of the great diversities presented by religions, which peoples, occupying nearly similarly situated lands, venerate, and as a powerful agent in bringing about those extraordinary changes in the character of cults which history teaches us have occurred at different periods amongst the same race. Thus, for instance, while Hindostan, the abode of Brahminism, and central China, the home of Confucius, are almost equally exposed to the force of the sun, and are covered by a nearly similar vegetation, imagination and religious emotions have followed widely different directions in these countries; the vegetarian Hindoos seeing in their divinities awe-inspiring, blood-thirsty powers, whilst the Chinese, who eat anything that land or water yields, are impervious to supernatural terrors, and capable of taking calmly philosophical, if not contemptuous, views of the deities of their nation. In the time of the Vedas, before animal food had been prohibited, the deities worshipped by followers of the Vedic cult had not yet been clothed in the terrific and repulsive characters which they have presented in later times.

It is only after he has thus followed man from his primitive state to those more highly developed conditions of his moral and mental nature, which have led to the foundation of states and religions in accordance with national temperaments, that the author enters upon the delineation of the racial affinities between different nations, and treats of them under individual groups or families. It is this concluding portion of the work to which we have already referred as being unsatisfactory and incomplete. Too much matter has been compressed into a limited space, and some over-hasty assumptions are made in regard to races. Thus, for instance, we find it stated, as a point not open to discussion, that the Guanchos, or natives, found by the Spaniards and Portuguese in the Canary Islands, were pure Berbers from northern Africa. This is utterly at variance with the results of recent investigations, which have shown that these islands were occupied by two entirely distinct races, one of which may indeed have been of Berber origin, while the other, and dominant, race presents such strong affinity with European, and especially with Teutonic, peoples in physical, linguistic, and social characteristics, that there is strong evidence for assuming them to be descended from some Walloon, or other kindred tribe, whose maritime instincts may have driven them to seek a place of settlement in that remote insular group.

These, however, are points of minor importance, and as a whole Dr. Peschel's manual may be regarded as a valuable legacy towards the elucidation of a department of knowledge to which he had devoted years of assiduous study. The work has been extremely well translated, and hence it is almost invidious to point out the few errors which the English version presents. Those who know by experience the difficulty of avoiding the many pitfalls which embarrass the feet of even the most wary of translators, will be lenient towards an occasional slip. It is therefore rather as a warning against a repetition of the same blunder than in reprobation, that we draw the attention of the translator and his readers to the fact that the word *Pegel* is the German designation for a water-gauge, or water-mark, and not the name, as the former states at p. 44, of a place on the Nile.

AMONG TIGERS AND MAN-MONKEYS.

A Narrative of Travel and Sport in Burmah, Siam, and the Malay Peninsula. By John Bradley. London: Samuel Tinsley.

Mr. Bradley's story is one of rare interest, even as a record of hardships overcome, not the least of which were smells. In Sittang, Shallangat, Sattybardah, Tatsong, and Patani, everything—as Mr. Massey said of India—smells, except the flowers. Mr. Bradley would have been justified in using the privilege of a discoverer, by giving the name of Stenchland to the country which he explored by a roundabout route, from Pegu, in Burmah, to Western Malaya, *viâ* Bangkok, in Siam. Future sportsmen, however, need not be frightened by Mr. Bradley's olfactory experiences. They will have merely to lay in a good stock of provisions, and camp in the open. They must likewise avoid the not unfrequent risk of the most unsatisfactory of all deaths—suffocation in a bog. The third danger, the primeval forest, is perhaps the most formidable of any; but it may be successfully defied with the help of patience, pluck, a good commissariat, and a pocket compass. It took Mr. Bradley and his companions thirty-four days to cut their way, hatchet in hand, and sometimes at the rate of five miles in the twenty-four hours, through a forest in the North of Malaya. But for a traveller with an eye for the picturesque (like Mr. Bradley), the toil has its compensation. Our author is eloquent on the weirdly beautiful effect of the alternate extinction and outburst of the millions of fire-

fly lights on every leaf and branch. Written in a quiet, easy style, and depending, for effect, more on suggestion than on detail, Mr. Bradley's description of the Malayan forest is one of the very best of its kind. It was a place of endless twilight. The enormous height of the trees could only be guessed from the hugeness of their girth, and the faintness of the twitterings and chatterings of birds and monkeys overhead. Below, it was breezeless, but in the tree-tops the wind sounded like a distant sea. The rain, heard at intervals, scarcely penetrated the dense covering of creepers overhead. And inside a tree-hollow large enough to accommodate a supper party of fourteen or so, sat Mr. Bradley, listening to the fitful crash of thunder, and watching the lightning, as it filled the more distant parts of the forest with a hazy brightness, and showed in vivid outline every object close at hand. This is merely the prosiest summary of Mr. Bradley's own description, but it may perhaps give the reader some idea of the emotions which filled the breast of our æsthetic traveller. A day and night in the forest was all very well, but after a month it must have grown rather monotonous. The tree-hollow would have admirably suited an Indian *Rishi*, or a good Catholic, or Anglican, "in retreat" and disdaining boiled peas, though no doubt it might prove an unpleasant domicile for a person with an uneasy conscience. Mr. Bradley's tree may perhaps be haunted by the ghosts of the two Chinamen who threw down their packs, refused to accompany the traveller any further, and broke into open mutiny. Death must have been the almost certain reward of desertion in a place where a man could hardly see ten yards before him, and where he could not tell north, south, east, or west, without looking at a compass.

Mr. Bradley's next experiences in the Malayan forest ought to interest the anthropologists very considerably. The "wild men" whom he discovered there appear to be of a lower type than even the Australians, or the Veddahs of Ceylon. Their sole clothing is their monkey-like hair. In the arts of life they are removed some degrees above the monkeys; but in their manners they are exactly on a level with them, and in some respects they are a long way beneath them. It is not even clear that their language is much fuller, or more expressive, than monkey-chatter. Mr. Bradley believes that they are in process of degradation; but why not of elevation? The "wild men" live in a kind of wattled huts, or cages, up in the trees; they use no ladders—only knotches cut in the tree trunks, and by means of which they race up and down with astonishing agility. So far, they are more inventive than the monkeys. They also use spears of sticks with points hardened by fire—another advantage over their neighbours, and rivals, the Simians. They may even boast of having reached their "Stone Age," for they have hatchets made of a rough bit of stick with a sharp pebble, or small boulder, at the end. The Simians, however, are their match at berry-gathering, or root-grubbing. But the unutterable beastliness of the "wild" men, women, and children would cause a flush of shame on the face of the most profligate baboon. The monkeys have their local jealousies, which occasionally find vent in party fights, apparently as well disciplined as the Whig and Tory fights of their last "developed" relatives; but it is questionable whether they are yet capable of the man-monkey brutalities, whose traces—on the persons of the "women"—so horrified our countryman and his companions. The Malayan "wild men," who are often mentioned in Oriental books, appear to be sparsely scattered in very small communities throughout the forest already described. It would seem, too, that the wild men nearer the coast are a little more advanced than those dwelling inland. Mr. Bradley, however, appears to be unaware that the Malay man-monkeys are not the only people who, even in that quarter of the world, build their houses in the treetops. We may refer readers curious about this matter to the Political Superintendent's later reports on the wild tribes of the Aracan hill-tracts, British Burmah. But the Aracanese tree-dwellers were far in advance of the Malay savages. Their huts, or cages, were constructed arrow-proof; and for notches they had regular ladders, which they pulled up at night, when, like their neighbours the birds, they went to sleep; or when—as was often the case—they were bombarded by some earth-dwellers with whom they had a blood feud. Of late, they have been forsaking their ancestral roost—not, though, because they have grown tired of being "up-a-tree," in the Yankee sense, during war-time (for, like the Turks, they can fight splendidly behind their ramparts), but because that peerless peacemaker, the Anglo-Indian official, has appeared in their midst.

Sportsmen will be delighted with the *shikaree* portion of Mr. Bradley's book. The country described in it offers a glorious field for sport. It hardly wants any Eastern bird or animal worth shooting at. There is a good supply of the rhinoceros, and one of Mr. Bradley's most amusing passages is that in which he describes how a monster of that species sent the earth and bushes flying, in his fury at the invisible foe. The rhinoceros dies hard, even under the most favourable circumstances; one of them "took seven bullets into his podgy carcase, before he went down on his knees and yielded up the ghost." As for tigers, many portions of the country literally swarmed with them. Every Anglo-Indian of experience will enter into the spirit of Mr. Bradley's capital story of the "man-eater" who carried off nearly nineteen people in four months, and whose taste for human blood tempted him into the village streets. In India it is not unusual for a whole country district to be abandoned through sheer fright of "man-eaters;" but the animals' exploits there are small compared to those narrated by Mr. Bradley. The best way of putting it would, perhaps, be to say that the Burmo-Siamese tiger is as cunning and venturous as the Indian wolf. This particular man-eater was killed by Mr. Bradley, and his companions—Captain Lacy and Mr. Grant—near a place called Sattybardah. Mr. Bradley's experience of his first tiger is perhaps unique in *shikaree* history. He fell into the brute's clutches, and was dragged for half a mile into the heart of a wood. Though stunned at first, he soon became conscious of all that passed; and after he was deposited at the foot of a bush, he lay resignedly on his back, while the tiger licked the blood that oozed through his jacket, or patted him on the face with its huge paw, like a cat at play. At last the brute growled, curled its lips, and "spat like a cat." It was Captain Lacy who was approaching, though Mr. Bradley was unaware of the fact. A bullet stopped the tiger's "spitting," and the drowsy, half-dead hunter's next sensation was that of being dragged out from beneath the animal's enormous carcase. Here is a most pathetic incident of an elephant hunt:—

> The terrified animals, finding themselves surrounded on all sides, crowded together right in front of us, screaming and trumpeting in a pitiful manner, with their trunks elevated straight in the air.
>
> Our breech-loading rifles enabled us to fire very rapidly; and in a few minutes the big male and two others were on the ground. The herd, now terrified to the verge of madness, made a sudden rush and broke away; but as they passed the Rajah cruelly fired at the little calf and brought it down. I shall never forget the scene that followed. The dam rushed about frantically, making the ground tremble with her great weight; and in her wild excitement tearing down great branches from the trees. Her screaming was dreadful, and the caresses she bestowed upon the dying calf (for it was not killed outright) heart-rending. Suddenly she seemed to remember from whence the fatal shot had proceeded, and made a desperate charge towards us. It was well for the Rajah and myself that the firing of Mr. Grant and Captain Lacy diverted her attention. One bullet struck her tusk and broke it off about six inches from the root.
>
> I was almost as much horrified as if I had witnessed the murder of a human being; and had not our lives been in actual danger I would not have lifted my rifle against her. Three or four more shots brought her to the earth; but even in her death agony she stretched her trunk towards the body of her now dead calf.

It *was* murder, and Mr. Bradley, as a Bengal man, ought to know that if the little exploit had occurred in the elephant-grounds of Assam, the Rajah, and his companions, might have had to give an account of themselves to the Lieutenant-Governor. It is, at least, satisfactory that the murderer was "a native."

Readers desirous of knowing the terribly human manner in which the wisest and gentlest of dumb animals give expression to their feelings, may consult Emerson Tennant's 'Ceylon.' With the foregoing reservation, we heartily commend Mr. Bradley's modest, well-written, and pleasant book, to lovers of sport and adventure.

MINOR NOTICES.

Elementary Lessons in Physical Geography. By Archibald Geikie. (Macmillan and Co.)—When we consider the endless number of primers, the product of the competitive examination system, in which it is endeavoured to compress the whole science into a few pages, it is impossible not to confess that the result bears about as much resemblance to the whole subject as a pot of Liebig's extract of meat does to the ox it is supposed to represent. The comparison might be carried even still farther. As Liebig's extract is undoubtedly of value to physical invalids, so may the primers be of use to mental invalids personally by stimulating their powers of memory at the expense of their powers of reason. But though this assistance may be very satisfactory to the individual in enabling him to obtain the advantages a successful examination entails, it is scarcely satisfactory to the community at large which prefers reason to memory. A book, therefore, like Professor Geikie's, which treats of the subject of physical geography in a manner which not only satisfies the reasoning powers but also greatly stimulates them, cannot but be heartily welcome. He not only states the fact, but shows very exhaustively the reasons why it must be so and not otherwise, and illustrates facts and theories by an abundance of woodcuts, diagrams, charts, and maps, that make his book as attractive as it is useful. Advocating the system adopted in the chief continental schools, whereby the pupil is made thoroughly acquainted with the geographical features of the locality around, Professor Geikie supplies a mass of fundamental knowledge concerning physical geography, which fully explains the commercial and political features of the science, and renders the acquisition of that practical knowledge, which the usual primer alone strives to furnish, as easy as it is beneficial and agreeable. The only improvement that might be suggested for future editions would be an explanation of some of the scientific words, such as palæarctic, nearctic, neotropical, siliceous, &c. A comparison of the Fahrenheit, Réaumur, and Celsius scales would also be useful. The book may be thoroughly recommended; and it has obtained the no slight honour of having been translated into German for the use of elementary and middle-class schools, together with Professor Geikie's 'Geology,' Roscoe's 'Chemistry,' Balfour Stewart's 'Physics,' and Norman Lockyer's 'Astronomy,' all of which are being published by Trübner, in Strassburg, and are strongly recommended by the Ministries of Instruction in Prussia, Bavaria, and Baden.

Meetings and Greetings. Edited by William Tegg. (William Tegg and Co.)—Once more Mr. Tegg presents the world with another of those volumes with which his name is connected—volumes that can hardly be designated as books, unless as scrap-books or commonplace books, but which are in their own way exceedingly useful. By an unsparing use of the scissors and paste-pot, Mr. Tegg has already turned out useful reference books on marriage, on death, and various other subjects; his latest deals with the modes of salutation common to the various nations of the world. As usual, Mr. Tegg includes a good deal that has no strict connexion with the subject in hand as it is indicated in the title of the book, such as, for example, the lengthy accounts of religious rites and Roman Catholic ceremonies in the second part, which are, however, sufficiently interesting to be very well welcome. The copious cuttings from Isaac D'Israeli about the troubles of Sir John Finett, the seventeenth century master of the ceremonies, are exceedingly amusing and appropriate pieces of padding; and the titles of dignity and courtesy are useful, though it is really impossible to understand the introduction into this section of the book of the familiar fable of the contest between the Horatii and the Curatii. Taken as a whole, the book is a useful one, and contains in a small compass an amount of information that it would be otherwise difficult to obtain, except by the consultation of a large number of works and articles scattered through the pages of encyclopædias.

Hebe. A Tale. By Mark H. Goldie. (Henry S. King and Co.).—It might be inferred from the title of this poem that it had something to do with that daughter of Juno, to whom, according to Thomas Watson, "lovely kissing is assign'd," and whose fall was the cause of Ganymede's preferment, but any such inference would be wholly incorrect. The story, which has nothing to do with classic mythology, is a lengthy and little interesting story in verse, with a hero named Conrad, about whom we are told that—

> Conrad's delight from early days had been
> To watch the twinkling stars and theorise,
> To search the earth for instances foreseen
> Of widely based conclusion: for his eyes
> Leaped from a motion, quick as thought, to glean
> The secret cause of movement. To surmise,
> Construct, then prove, and often to destroy,
> Had been to him a strangely tempered joy.

This sort of young man is not unfamiliar in very minor poetry, and the whole poem corresponds in style and merit to this verse, of which there are some two hundred and forty odd, multiplied by three, the number found necessary by the author before he can bring the fortunes of his characters to an end.

THE MAGAZINES.

An article in the *Contemporary Review* on the relations between the Tuileries and the Vatican since 1814, is a curious chapter of diplomatic intrigue, though too condensed to be very readable. The account should have been extended through a volume or two to bring out its windings and twistings with proper effect. Such a volume would have an interest for all readers, and a particular interest for the French electors, whose impending exercise of the suffrage is generally believed to be due in some degree to Ultramontane influence. Whether the Duc de Broglie and his allies had or had not in view the rendering of any service to the Pope as one of the objects of their attempt, whether or not it was entered upon in concert with the Vatican and under promise of some consideration in return, at least it cannot be doubted which side the Ultramontanes favour in the present electoral contest, and from whom they have most to hope for. In his opportune review of past relations between the Vatican and successive French Governments, Mr. Stuart is at a loss to find a precedent for subservience on the part of France to the wishes of the Papacy. The reins of power have been held successively by Legitimists, Orleanists, and Imperialists, and all of them have old scores of antagonism and trickery to look back to. If any section of the reactionists should join with the Vatican in hostility to the Italian people, they must break with their traditions. Mr. Stuart comments as follows on the reminder issued from the Vatican that it is the duty of France, as the child of the Crusaders, to establish in Rome that temporal power which was overthrown in 1870:—

> Should the day ever come when the demand thus rashly made should be still more rashly complied with, it is a curious speculation to determine what dynastic or party antecedents would most guide the statesmen who entered on the task. If professing to represent the traditions of the elder Bourbons, they could enter on it by expelling from their memories the fact that the final collapse of the temporal power has merely illustrated the predictions of their own Montmorencys and Chateaubriands, who so emphatically foretold, that if Rome would not be taught by common prudence, she would sooner or later be taught by sad, stern experience. If they professed to reproduce the policy of the younger Bourbons, they could only enter on it by ignoring all the lessons of Ancona and the efforts of their greatest statesman, Guizot, to expel from the French soil the Jesuits. If professing to hold in honour the Republican memories of 1848–51, they must be prepared to be again deceived

and duped after the fashion of Drouyn de Lhuys and de Tocqueville; while, if they recommence such an undertaking as the Ministers of a son and successor of Napoleon III., they must be prepared to undo Napoleon III.'s best and noblest work, to consign once more to oppression and to bondage, not Papal subjects alone, but millions of Italian citizens whom it was his burning desire and highest pride to free, and who, in their deep gratitude because thus freed, now encircle with affectionate regard and chivalrous courtesy the persons of his widow and his son. Is Marshal MacMahon the Bonaparte statesman reserved by history for making such an attempt?

The present number of the *Contemporary* is a remarkably strong one. Besides articles by Mr. Freeman and Mrs. Pattison, and a curious discussion of the trial of Jesus from a legal point of view, by Mr. Taylor Innes, it contains an admirably fresh statement of "Neglected Aspects of the Drink Question," by Mr. A. M. Gray. Mr. Gray frankly sets against the evil effects of intemperance the innocent pleasure of moderate drinking, and argues that any legislation intended for the prevention of the one must have regard to the undesirability of interfering with the other. He also combats very briskly the theory that drink is the cause of crime, and that crime can be put down by putting down the drink shops.

Some Recorder of Cindertown, or some Deputy-Assistant-Judge, remarks that half the crimes of violence that come under his notice in his judicial capacity are traceable to drink—this profound observation is reported in a hundred newspapers—and within a twelvemonth all the judges in the kingdom are echoing the Recorder of Cindertown. The learned gentleman gets his social science cheap. Anybody can see that a bad man of a certain quality must be made worse by half-a-pint of bad gin, or even good gin; but it is not everybody who will pause to reflect that the learned gentleman might just as truly remark that in half the cases of crimes of violence that came under his notice the offenders wore dirty linen, and never brushed their teeth; and that in the other half the culprits were subject to chronic dyspepsia, and never read Milton's "Comus." Then the remedy for all this misery seems easy. The murderer or the wife-beater did this under the influence of gin—that is the first step. He bought his gin at the "Pig and Whistle"—that is the second step. The third step is plain to the meanest capacity—shut up the "Pig and Whistle," and there is an end of murder. Add to this that the rates will be greatly reduced, being careful to say nothing of the expenditure that will have to be incurred in carrying out your new law, and you have full-blown social science for Mrs. Nickleby *in excelsis*. And you supply a fine fulcrum in public discussion for other philanthropic crotcheteers, as indifferent as you are to the rights of the blameless classes of the community, and bent, as you are, upon sacrificing these to the wretched, all-but-worthless minority whom the turn of a feather's weight pushes over into cruel or filthy violence. Now, I protest against this.

By way of illustrating this protest, Mr. Gray draws a picture of a quiet suburb where he knows everybody, and where most of them are moderate drinkers of XB family ale and other stimulants, and, as he says in italics, *enjoy it—enjoy it*; and then a companion picture of Rough's Alley, showing that there are other influences besides the gin-palace and the beershop to account for its filth, and shame, and violence. And he concludes thus:—"That any philanthropist should propose to take from that quiet suburb, containing, I daresay, six or eight thousand well-conducted human beings, the right to get their XB or their claret just as they do now—should propose (as a matter of legislation, mind) to take away that right, just because they get drunk and commit crimes down in Rough's Alley, and the drink and crime are often found connected—does seem to me a topic for invective, resentment, and comedy."

Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's paper on "Secret Societies in Russia," in the *Fortnightly Review*, begins with an interesting illustration of the character of progress in Russia, where reforms are not, as here, yielded in response to demands from below, but imposed from above, in execution of the theories or feelings of an autocrat:—

The history of the present campaign in Asia Minor has so far illustrated well the Russian character and habitual mode of action. First, great enthusiasm, inordinate expectations, and a haughty contempt for difficulties; next, a rapid advance, obstacles surmounted with wonderful facility, difficult positions stormed with reckless, dashing gallantry; and as a result of all this, overweening confidence whispering to them that, as one of their proverbs graphically and quaintly puts it, "if they tried to ford the ocean, the waters would not rise higher than their knees." Then comes a check, obstacles are met which no amount of dash and gallantry can surmount, the overheated enthusiasm cools, the retreat begins, the imprudence of neglecting to secure firmly and methodically the positions gained becomes apparent, and the great shadowy conquest collapses into the most modest of acquisitions. This has been the history of the campaign in Asia Minor, and it has likewise been the political history of Russia since the time of Peter the Great—a fact which may be recommended to the consideration of those who imagine that impulsiveness and spasmodic enthusiasm can flourish only in southern climes. In the opening chapter of Macaulay's history, it will be remembered, there is an eloquent passage in which national progress is compared to the advancing tide. First the wave advances, and then it recedes, but only in order to gain new force to advance further than before. To use this metaphor, I should say that in a country like ours the waves are mere ripples. If we have what may be termed periods of Liberal enthusiasm and periods of Conservative reaction, the enthusiasm does not drive us very far forward, and the Conservatism simply stops us without perceptibly pulling us back. In countries like Russia, on the contrary, the tide advances in great rolling, foam-crested waves, and the recoil is, of course, in proportion to the impulse. It is in these moments of recoil that Secret Societies are likely to appear.

There is abundance of fresh detail in Mr. Wallace's paper, but perhaps its most striking feature is the masterly way in which he sketches the position of these secret societies in the history of Russian political movement. The societies with which he deals are very different from the great Panslavic society, which is above-board in so much of its action that it can hardly be called a secret society. These societies are really secret, cherishing violent revolutionary aims, and working by secret propaganda. Mr. Wallace does not think that they are very formidable. They are composed for the most part of hot-headed students, male and female, whose communistic fever is too hot to last, and whose organisation is not widely enough ramified to do much harm.

One of the best papers in the *Nineteenth Century*, which shows no sign of exhausted excellence, is a study of Harriet Martineau, by Mr. W. R. Greg, who was for many years her intimate friend. Mr. Greg's chief object has been to reverse the unfavourable opinion of Miss Martineau's personal character, which has been generally formed in consequence of the severity of her notices of her contemporaries, and her complacent record of the sensations produced by herself. "Ill-natured, conceited, old cat," has been a not unfrequent comment upon her since the appearance of her autobiography. The self-confidence pushed to vicious excess, and the superficial hastiness of judgment, Mr. Greg admits. Our own impression is that he makes too large an admission to adverse criticism when he concedes that Miss Martineau's portraits of her contemporaries were "shallow, contemptuous, condemnatory, and for the most part, in spite of occasional shrewdness, curiously astray." Miss Martineau's judgments were harsh, but for the most part just. However, Mr. Greg has probably been reviewing her judgments by his own more lenient standard. If he had applied her own standard to Miss Martineau, perhaps he would not have been so willing to say that in spite of the harshness of her portraits of others, she was far from being "essentially ill-natured and given to bitterness and depreciation."

There has seldom been a more kindly-hearted or affectionate person, or even one more given to an over-estimate of her friends, perhaps even more prone to make idols out of not quite the finest clay, more watchfully considerate to all dependent upon her, more steadfastly devoted to those who had once got hold of her imagination or attachment, unless they tried her constancy too hardly by criticism, opposition, or condemnation. All her geese were swans. All her servants and junior relatives were devoted to her, and with good reason, for there was a vast element of geniality about her. In spite of the painful description she gives of her early life (which we believe her connexions scarcely recognise as faithful), she was, we should pronounce, from the time she had once found her work and made her mark, a singularly happy person; and continued to grow happier and happier, illness notwithstanding, till near the end. Her unflinching belief in herself, her singular exemption from the sore torment of doubt or hesitation, helped to make her so. Now, happy people, where really good-hearted and sociable, *are* genial; their enjoyment is so simple and genuine, and their confidence in the prompt cordial sympathy of those around them is so undoubting and so provocative of response. The charm of Harriet Martineau's intercourse (passing over the fits of indignation her dogmatic damnation of your bosom friends would often rouse) may be understood by those who read the 'Sixth Period' of her autobiography—especially the description of the joyous epoch when, in the midst of rest, and health, and vigour, she settled among the lakes and

mountains of Westmoreland, built her Windermere home, and reorganised her recovered life for a fresh burst of animation and productiveness.

Her character was easy to read, for in one sense it was consistent enough and presented no mysteries or depths; and her faults, which were neither few nor small, were readily forgiven her, for she loved much and laboured hard for the happiness of others. In an unusual degree it was to be said of Harriet Martineau *qu'elle avait défauts de ses qualités*. It would indeed have been difficult for her to have had the mental and moral gifts which distinguished her so signally without the analogous errors, in the way of deficiency or excess, which impaired their perfection and detracted from their value.

An article in *Fraser's*, on the "Annexation of the Transvaal," describes the actual process of formal seizure as seen by an eye-witness, who apparently marched with the troops from Newcastle in Natal to Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal. The description of the march has a certain picturesqueness, the wavy order of the mimic army of invasion, consisting of 800 men, the long train of seventy-two waggons each drawn by twelve or sixteen oxen trailing over the treeless country, the octogenarian old woman who had prophesied that she would live to see the entry of the British troops sitting at her door rejoicing through her dim eyes at the fulfilment of her prediction, the momentous question, "Come ye in peace or come ye in war?" which agitated the little host when a mounted company of Boers appeared in the distance, make up a stirring picture, in spite of the smallness of the scale. Mr. Richard Garnett's tale of "The Purple Head," in *Fraser's*, is told with a grace and humour which will not surprise those who know his translations from the Greek Anthology. Mr. Arthur Arnold, in his review of Mr. Gilbert's work on the City, singularly enough treats this as if no other work on the subject had recently appeared. It is quite true that Mr. Gilbert's "statements of fact are of great value," and are "the evident result of careful and long-continued inquiry," but it may be doubted whether the inquiry has been Mr. Gilbert's, seeing that most of his statements had already appeared in the letters of "Nemesis," in the *Weekly Dispatch*, "Nemesis" being the *nom de plume* of Mr. James Beal, the head and front of the movement for Municipal Reform. It is strange, too, that Mr. Arnold should have made no reference to Mr. Firth's admirable work on the subject. Mr. Arnold deprecates the application of strong language to the City, and remarks cheerily, "Light and air; public control; popular election; public audit; the training and transfer of endowments from obsolete to beneficial uses; the kindly operation of public intelligence upon public affairs—that is the cure for all that is wrong in the City." Unfortunately such remedies are seldom applied without the preliminary use of some strong language.

In the *Cornhill*, "R. L. S." is very severe, as is but just, on the moral character of François Villon, student, poet, and housebreaker, but he is unstinted also in his acknowledgment of the scamp's poetry.

"Shall we not dare to say of a thief," asks Montaigne, "that he has a handsome leg?" It is a far more serious claim that we have to put forward in behalf of Villon. Beside that of his contemporaries, his writing, so full of colour, so eloquent, so picturesque, stands out in an almost miraculous isolation. If only one or two of the chroniclers could have taken a leaf out of his book, history would have been a pastime, and the fifteenth century as present to our minds as the age of Charles Second. The gallows-bird was the one great writer of his age and country, and initiated modern literature for France. Boileau, long ago, in the period of perukes and snuff-boxes, recognised him as the first articulate poet in the language; and if we measure him, not by priority of merit, but living duration of influence, not on a comparison with obscure forerunners, but with great and famous successors, we shall instal this ragged and disreputable figure in a far higher niche in glory's temple than was ever dreamed of by the critic. It is, in itself, a memorable fact that, before 1542, in the very dawn of printing, and while modern France was in the making, the works of Villon ran through seven different editions. Out of him flows much of Rabelais; and through Rabelais, directly and indirectly, a deep, permanent, and growing inspiration. Not only his style, but his callous pertinent way of looking upon the sordid and ugly sides of life, becomes every day a more specific feature in the literature of France. And only last year, a work of some power appeared in Paris, and appeared with infinite scandal, which owed its whole inner significance and much of its outward form to the study of our rhyming thief.

Professor Goldwin Smith's article in *Macmillan's*, on the decline of Party Government, puts in dialectical form a subject which, during the last few years, has been often on men's lips. It has long been a common observation that parties are very much alike now, that it is impossible to tell the difference between Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals. Mr. Smith philosophises upon this, investigates the conditions of the existence of Party, considers whether its influence is for good, and casts about for a substitute. Like everything that Mr. Smith writes on political subjects, this paper puts the matter in many new and impressive lights, and well deserves serious study. We have so long been accustomed to government by party, that government without party strikes us as an impracticable paradox; yet off hand one could not readily combat the proposition that if Parliament were to elect the various officers of an executive with regard solely to their fitness, and without regard to their party services, a much better Government might be constituted. We are less disposed to question the soundness of this proposition than the possibility of its being realised. Mr. Smith further says:—"On social and philanthropic questions, on questions and in movements of all kinds, people combine for a particular object, and the object having been gained they fall back into their ordinary associations. Why should they not do the same in politics, supposing politics to be a matter not of passion and ambition, but of reason and of the public good?" To this question one can only answer doubtfully that people who have acted together on one question seem to acquire thereby a tendency to act together on subsequent questions.

The effectiveness of the article on the Royal Academy, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which the inadequacy of this body as representative of English art is put even more forcibly than has ever been done before, is partly due to the vigorous unconventionality of the writer's style, but chiefly to his intimate acquaintance with every class of artists, and the consequent ease with which he handles the details of the subject. It is an indictment not only to be read but to be acted upon. The exclusiveness of the Academy cannot long survive these assaults, which become thicker and thicker as the years pass by without any reform being attempted. The writer's suggestions are practically identical with those which have been put forward by Mr. Comyns Carr.

Have we any measure to propose? Yes, a measure which, sooner or later, will be adopted. The Academy must be no longer George III.'s, or the Court's semi-private body of artists. That position, like the position of actors when they were "the Queen's poor players," or the "Earl of Essex's players," is unworthy of the age. The arts of every country have degenerated under the stereotyped pressure of Academics; but of all countries and of all periods, the most unfit country to be overridden is England in the nineteenth century. The affairs of the fine arts—that is to say, education, means of exhibition, and the direction of public taste—must be more thoroughly provided for. The educational interests of art have been already provided for by a division of the Committee of Council on Education. The national want of one large place of public exhibition is still more urgent. We have South Kensington, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; a fourth is wanted, a place for the living art of the year. We must have no inadequate representation, and it must be free—free to allow full development in coming years according to the spirit of the age and the idiosyncrasy of genius.

. . . . . .

The measure, then, which the writer would advise being brought before the House of Commons is not whether a few men more or less shall enjoy vested rights; it is that the fine arts be incorporated with the ornamental, under the Council on Education; that the curriculum be real and not fictitious, Academic not gratuitous; and that, above all, the present vexation and morbid anxiety about exhibition should be put an end to by the national provision of a vast hall for that purpose. The number of petty societies and speculating galleries is already likely to defeat their own ends, and we have just seen a new one of importance established and another announced. If the schools were empowered to confer certificates or degrees of qualification, we should have a means of electing the jury for reception and hanging. For the Salon in Paris all former exhibitors vote in the council and hanging committee, and upwards of a hundred distinctions by medal, by the Order of the Legion of Honour, or by purchase, are always made by the Administration of the day. Exhibition, to the English painter, has become a necessity; it is his means of making himself known and of selling his productions. To the public the exhibition is at once a festival of taste and a means of study and refinement. The members of an irresponsible society, which claims to be only an Assembly of Honour, with inadequate accommodation, has, by its tyranny and

low standard of selection, almost shut the door against the highest class of design, and has caused twenty minor shows to start into existence. Let our Government undertake the office of NATIONAL EXHIBITOR, and in a very few years the Department of Art will have completed a system better than that of the Salon or any other. As to education in fine arts, it is identical with education in the ornamental. A vast annual exhibition would be the completion of the structure, the keystone of the arch. What, then, should be done with the Academy? The Senate of Rome still exists, and the Council of Ten at Venice. Why should not the Forty continue to hold their meetings and elect a President as the Cardinals elect a Pope?

VARIORUM NOTES.

Mr. Atkinson, who played so influential a part in deciding the opinions of Harriet Martineau, whom he converted to mesmerism, is at present living at Boulogne. In some of the recent notices of Harriet Martineau's biography it was assumed that Mr. Atkinson was dead. Other critics more modestly made enquiry as to whether he was dead or living. It is certainly a curious thing that one who exercised so profound an influence over the opinions of so celebrated a woman should have passed into so much obscurity.

An absurd report has been going about in Paris that Mario had fallen to the low rank of *souffleur* at a theatre in St. Petersburg. He is, as we some time ago had occasion to point out, director of a museum at Rome.

The death of Mr. Samuel Warren, at the age of seventy, will bring back to persons of middle age the remembrance of a novel once far more talked of than any of Miss Braddon's. 'Ten Thousand A Year,' was, in one sense, the most successful novel of its time. Its success, however, soon vanished. Thackeray, in his 'Snob Papers,' chaffed it unmercifully, and the author's own prose poem, "The Lily and the Bee," extinguished its fame and his own "as by the shake of an enchanter's wand." Mr. Warren sat in the House of Commons for a short time, but was a complete failure there. He used to say of himself that he was the most egotistic man he had ever known.

The motto of the House of Commons under the administration of Messrs. Parnell and O'Donnell is to be found in the sixth book of the 'Æneid':—"Sedet, æternumque sedebit, infelix."

The last number of *L'Art* contains an etching by M. Lalauze from "The Beguiling of Merlin" of Burne-Jones in the Grosvenor Gallery. As the picture is itself one of the masterpieces of the artist, so the etching is one of the best that *L'Art* has yet presented to its readers, and higher praise than this it would be difficult to give. The delicate, stately beauty of the form of Nimue, the exquisite beauty of her face, are represented by the etcher with a most praiseworthy fidelity that photography itself could hardly rival, while the execution of the recumbent form of Merlin is equally accurate and admirable, and the background of May-blossoms may be regarded as a triumph of etching skill.

A so-called International Regatta took place on the Thames last week. A worse-managed affair was never seen. Instead of being got up by rowing men, and promoted for good sport—like all other regattas of every season—it was a monetary speculation on the part of the steamboat and surrounding railway companies. These same companies had till now always refused to give any help to any regatta, preferring to pocket the profits which the traffic brought them; but they were so struck by the fact that they did bring profit, that they jumped at the idea that, if they could have another regatta and advertise it largely to the public, they would get a second edition of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. Every rowing man foresaw the failure. The impotence of the names on the committee was enough to guarantee disaster. They might be good men in the City, but they were hopelessly at sea on the Thames. No greater iniquity was ever perpetrated at any regatta than the trick which was played on this occasion, of delaying the distribution of the prizes two days, in order to tout for notoriety by engaging the Lord Mayor to give them away at the Mansion House. The standard rule at all regattas is to give away prizes after the last race. As it was, winners from Ireland and Durham were expensively kept in London, kicking their heels till they received their dues. The racing at the regatta was meagre—a repetition of Henley on a small scale, as regards amateurs. London won the eights and fours; Thames the pairs. No good sculler started for the amateur sculls. The professional fours were a virtual walk over for the Thames men, for no Tyne men came to row. The only pretty race was the waterman's sculls, which was won by T. Blackman (whose coming merits we long ago anticipated), beating R. Boyd, the champion, and Higgins (who at this moment is challenging Boyd for the championship). Boyd was not "fit" on the day; but we believe Blackman will anyhow be champion before a year passes.

On various walls and hoardings appear red placards, bearing the simple but mysterious interrogatory, "Where is the Philistine?" This was the title of the large picture painted by the late Valentine W. Bromley shortly before his death, which represented a party of Roundheads seeking in a house for a Cavalier, whose presence is betrayed by a little dog, who comes into the room with a man's glove in his mouth.

Mr. Henry James, jun., the clever author of 'The American,' has been for some time a frequent contributor to the New York *Galaxy*, where many bright and witty essays have appeared from time to time, bearing his name. Since his recent visit to London, he has turned his attention and his talent to the description of certain features of London art. A few months ago a clever, if somewhat unjust, paper by him on the London theatres came out in the *Galaxy*; this month, he devotes himself to an investigation of the picture season in London. Mr. James's style is at the same time very fresh and highly cultivated, and his critical ideas, whether just or unjust, correct or incorrect, and they are often both, are always original, keen, and worthy of consideration. His observations on our pictures of this season are very interesting and very clever. He ingeniously invents, or brings forward a friend or critic to say all the disagreeable, and very often very true, things about us and our art and our artists, whose severe strictures he good-naturedly combats with kindly argument. The greater part of the article is devoted to the Grosvenor Gallery. That we do not agree with many or most of his observations does not in the least prevent us from seeing the remarkable critical talent possessed by their author, and the singularly graceful style in which he contrives to say exactly what he means and what he wants to say, a charm of writing easy to appreciate at a time when we get so little of it. The worst perhaps to be said of Mr. James's criticisms is a sort of lofty supremacy of tone that is more suggested than directly assumed in his writing, but this is tempered by a common sense that is essentially American. When he reviews all our painters with complete and composed indifference to anyone's opinion, when he pats Mr. Heilbuth on the head, or praises Mr. Watts, or declines to speak of Mr. Whistler's works because he frankly confesses that they "do not amuse" him, or concludes his observations for and against Burne-Jones by saying, "In the palace of art there are many chambers, and that of which Mr. Burne-Jones holds the key is a wondrous museum. His imagination, his fertility of invention, his exquisitenesss of work, his remarkable gifts as a colourist, cruelly discredited as they are by the savage red wall at the Grosvenor—all these things constitute a brilliant distinction," we may be amused, or indignant, or agree, according to our opinions, but the talent of the writer may not be denied.

Mr. Gladstone has won a triumph for copyright in South Australia. Messrs. Wigg and Son, who had been appointed agents for the sale of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the 'Bulgarian Atrocities,' having noted the fact that an Adelaide firm were reprinting the work for sale in the colony, brought it under the notice of the author's publisher in London. The result was an action, which ended in the issue of a decree restraining the Adelaide firm from a further infringement of the copyright.

The first number of an American edition of the *Fortnightly Review* has just been brought out in Detroit.

It seems that Mr. Whistler intends to carry his war with Mr. Ruskin to the bitter end. The preliminary proceedings appear to have been already taken.

There is some talk, now that John Frost and Ernest Jones are dead, of the publication of a new history of the Chartist movement. But who is there alive that is competent to perform such a work from a knowledge of the facts?

Sir William Harcourt has taken the trouble to deny that there is truth in the report that he is to write a life of Mr. Motley. Why did he not also affirm that it is not true that he intends to get his Belfast hams in future from Mr. Biggar, and to spend the early part of the Parliamentary recess on the happy hunting-grounds of Mr. Parnell?

One of our most respectable suburbs has the credit of having invented an amusement which should make the busy "spelling bee" and the homely "at home" hide their diminished heads. A number of worthy citizens in Lower Holloway, alarmed at the progress of democratic and atheistical opinions, have formed themselves into a society for giving (and receiving) political and theological readings. The members meet every Wednesday and Saturday evening, and read Butler's 'Analogy' and Hobbes's 'De Cive,' "without note or comment." Their wives knit and listen, and after ham sandwiches and a "modest quencher," the modern Pickwickians all go quietly to bed in the grim belief that the Empire is safe—till next reading night. There might be worse pills against the earthquake than this Holloway one.

The value of photography in times of war was strikingly exemplified during the siege of Paris, by the introduction of the photographic post; but the present war has demonstrated a curious extension of its powers as a means of offence. During the bombardment of Rustzuk, a band of Bashi-Bazouks took advantage of the absence of a German photographer, named Bauer, to break into his studio. The owner had, however, already placed his valuables in security, so that his visitors found nothing but a number of old plates. The result of their visit may, therefore, be said to have been literally negative. At last, in some propinquous cupboard, they spied what they took to be a bottle full of raki. Pouncing upon their booty, and fighting between themselves for its possession, three of them shared its contents between them. The "raki," however, turned out to be nothing but a solution of cyanide of potash; and when the owner returned to his studio, there, amidst the havoc, he beheld three Bashi-Bazouks lying dead on the ground with the fatal bottle between them.

In referring to the celebration of the Germanic Museum; which is to be held in August at Nuremberg, we recently mentioned that a comedy of Hans Sachs, once the Patriarch of the Master-singers, will be revived on that occasion. In connexion with this, it may be of interest to state that last year there still lived, at Ulm, a representative of the formerly famous school of civic poets of Germany, a school founded in the Middle Ages. He was an old man of eighty, of the name of J. Best. His calling was that of a grave-digger. Owing to his infirmities, a substitute was granted to him by the town, whilst he usually sat, in musing mood, at the entrance of the churchyard. His signature is to be found on the act of donation, by which the only surviving members of the Society of Master-singers at Ulm, in 1839, handed over their standard, their pictures, their school- and song-books, and other property, to the "Lieder-Kranz," or Musical Union, of the town. The document in question is of a pathetic nature in its quaint simplicity. It requests the Lieder-Kranz to carry the old banner in any festive processions in which its members may publicly take part, after the last of the master-singers shall have gone to his rest. This act of donation was signed by Christian Bassler, J. Best, Thomas Häberlein, and Peter Bassing. Best was the solitary survivor in 1876. If we do not much mistake, he, too, is dead now. The Hamletic irony of fate so willed it that the last representative of a poetical guild which, after the decay of the Minne-song, undoubtedly did much for the ennobling of the spirit of the German middle and working class, should have been a grave-digger.

The Hereford "beetle-scare" has fortunately turned out a hoax. The inspector sent from the Privy Council Office has recognised the alleged Colorado vagrant as a seven-spotted ladybird—an insect that ought to be known by this time. To be mistaken for a potato-bug, is an indignity from which a true lady-bird, conscious of his or her rank in the mythology of our Teutonic forefathers, must turn away with ruffled wings. This same seven-spotted little individual was once sacred to Our Lady, the German Venus, whose name was Freia, a Goddess of Life and Light, and sister of the sweet Freyr, whose romantic meeting with Gerda is recorded in an Eddic song. The lady-bird of yore acted as a messenger of the German Aphrodite. In that capacity it went to and fro between heaven and earth. Its red colour was symbolical of the rosy realm of the Sun and Love Goddess, in whose garden the Unborn lived between fragrant bushes and flowers. It is to these "children of Freia," that the apparently silly nursery rhyme refers, which is too well known to need quotation. The lady-bird is urged, in that ditty, to fly away to its heavenly home, because, at the Germanic crack of doom, when the whole world is ablaze with consuming fire, the realm of the Unborn is in danger of destruction.

The Colorado beetle has quite superseded in public interest, or, tropically speaking with Hamlet, eaten up the "Fruits of Philosophy" and its rival "The Priest in Absolution." Not only are Government placards describing it to be seen posted up everywhere, but skilfully manufactured models of the insect in its various stages, as authorised by the German Government, and enclosed in a neat little box with a glass lid, are to be bought at various places. We saw one at the Grosvenor Gallery, for example, the other day. An enterprising naturalist, whose home is close to the British Museum, has, however, topped all by exhibiting several specimens of the genuine insect—dead, of course, and impaled on corks. These are to be obtained for the modest sum of five shillings, which called forth the humorous suggestion that if these had only been brought out earlier in the season, they might have been made use of as sensation shirt-studs or scarf-pins. The idea is ingenious, and as the Colorado beetle is a pretty insect, it would be a decided improvement upon some existing insect ornamentation.

Owing to Richard Wagner, *Rhine-Gold* has recently been on everyone's lips. A beautiful bit of Rhine-gold was of late yielded by the song-famed river, in the shape of a remarkable piece of workmanship, which is considered by archæological experts to be at least 2,000 years old. It is an armlet, wrought with the finest gold, in the guise of four wires wound together like ropes. In the middle the armlet is thickest. Two points, ending in serpent form, are hooked into each other, completing the ring. It was whilst dredging the river at the eyot of Oberwoerth, near Koblenz, for the purpose of erecting the pillars which are to bear the bridge-rails of the Berlin-Metz railway, that the interesting find was made. The armlet is probably of Gallic make. Such, at least, is the opinion of Professor aus'm Weerth, and of the Aulic Councillor Schaaffhausen, at Bonn. It will be remembered that a similar ornament—a *torquis* (from *torquere*, to wind)—is to be seen on the neck of the statue of the Dying Gladiator, at Rome. For this reason, the Dying Gladiator is assumed to represent a Gaul. Victor Scheffel has made the finding of the armlet in the Rhine the subject of a poem, which, however, sins against the charms of antiquity by a hyper-loyalist allusion to the Empress Augusta, in whose hands the beautiful relic had at first been placed. The armlet is now in the museum of the Castle at Koblenz.

It would scarcely be imagined that the most passionate productions of George Sand in her earlier days were the result of milk fresh from the cow. Alfred de Musset says that during their stay together in Venice, George Sand required a quart of milk for every chapter, whilst he indulged in stronger drink, which, as he grew older, became stronger and stronger till he finished with absinthe; whilst George Sand, according to her medical adviser, died of strong coffee.

A mother, three daughters, and two sons, one of the daughters and both the sons grown-up, inhabit a "house" of two rooms in Stratford, for which they pay a weekly rent of 3*s.* 3*d.* to their landlady, the mistress of a public-house.

Owing to the illness of the eldest daughter, the tenant was unable to pay the rent on Saturday. On Sunday morning the landlady's potboy appeared in this happy cottage home, and demanded the rent. The tenant, a hard-working woman, who had always paid her rent, was annoyed at her Sunday's rest being thus broken, and saying that she would pay it on Monday, supposed that the landlady wanted the money for her Sunday dinner. The potboy departed, but came back soon after to deliver the landlady's reply, that if she had to wait for her rent to get her Sunday dinner with, she would have to wait a long time. The tenant's only remark upon this was, "If the likes of we wasn't independent, the likes of they would trample upon we!"

M. Blanc, the great M. Blanc, of Monaco, is no more. He has just died in Switzerland, at the age of seventy. It is said that he leaves a fortune of fifteen million francs, gained by the aid of that powerful instrument which made him able to accomplish what Rabagas failed to do, and govern Monaco, of which he was practically the ruler. One of M. Blanc's favourite axioms amounted to an imprecation of the power which made him. He used to say, "Whoever gains once in his life at roulette is ruined; he who breaks a bank is sure to blow his brains out one day." It will be remembered that M. Blanc figures prominently in Sir Charles Dilke's clever little skit, 'Prince Florestan of Monaco.'

The Mayor of Vivier, M. Palmade, has been suspended from his functions for having "gravely misunderstood his duties in neglecting to have an official document posted up, and for seeking to shackle the service of the gendarmerie." The *Mot d'Ordre* drily enquires what Machiavellian designs M. Palmade has been able to perpetrate against the gendarmerie.

The last novel of Ivan Tourgueneff, already familiar to non-Russian readers through its French translation, 'Terres Vierges,' has appeared in Germany as 'Neu-Land,' and in the United States in an English translation. It is curious, by the way, that the French orthography of the name of the great Russian novelist is getting to be adopted almost entirely over here, although "Tourgueneff" is by no means the best representative of his name, "Turgeniev," which would be best rendered in English by some such spelling as this—"Turghenyef."

It would seem that a number of preachers on both sides of the Border are hard up for material to dazzle their congregations with. At all events, this advertisement appears in a daily newspaper:—"MSS. sermons unpublished, by Dr. Guthrie, Principal Caird, Dr. Kerr, and other great Scottish preachers of the last twenty years (1,000 MSS.). The strictest confidence. A specimen transcribed for any clergyman in a charge." The dissemination of the excellent literature these sermons doubtless contain even in an underhand way may be productive of good, but what if some one of the "great Scottish preachers" who is unfortunately alive should happen to listen to his own eloquence coming from what Butler calls "a plagiary privateer," and shout out, like John Dennis (of the eighteenth, not the present, century), "That's my thunder."

A writer in the *Post*, after weighing the claims of various cities to be the birthplace of Rubens, arrives at the conclusion that the palm must in all probability be awarded to that town where his mother was staying at the time!

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Ackers, B. St. J.—Vocal Speech for the Dumb. (Demy 8vo, pp. 33.) Longmans. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Brown as a Berry. A Novel. By the Author of 'The Red House by the River.' (Crown 8vo.) Edinburgh Publishing Company.

Creighton, Louise.—Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. (Fcp. 8vo, pp. 270). Rivingtons.

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Fraser, Mrs. Alexander.—A Thing of Beauty. In 3 vols. (Crown 8vo.) Hurst and Blackett. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Gallenga, A.—Two Years of the Eastern Question. In 2 vols. (Demy 8vo, pp. 392, 402.) S. Tinsley.

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REPORT adopted at the Half-Yearly General Meeting, August 2, 1877.

FREDERICK FRANCIS, Esq., in the Chair.

The Directors, in presenting to the Proprietors the Balance-Sheet of the Bank for the Half-year ended 30th June last, have the satisfaction to report that, after paying interest to Customers and all charges, allowing for Rebate and making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, the Net Profits amount to £122,889 11*s.* 10*d.* This sum, added to £11,166 8*s.* 3*d.* brought forward from the last account, produces a total of £134,056 0*s.* 1*d.*

They have declared an Interim Dividend for the Half-Year at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £120,000, leaving a balance of £14,056 0*s.* 1*d.* to be carried forward to Profit and Loss New Account.

The Dividend, £1 12*s.* per Share, free of Income Tax, will be payable at the Head Office, or at any of the Branches on or after Monday, 13th instant.

BALANCE SHEET

OF THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, JUNE 30, 1877.

DR.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Capital paid up				1,500,000	0	0
Reserve Fund				700,000	0	0
Amount due by the Bank for Customers' Balances, &c.	22,364,730	1	5			
Liabilities on Acceptances, covered by Securities	2,233,925	2	10			
				24,598,655	4	3
Profit and Loss Balance brought from last Account	11,166	8	3			
Gross Profit for the Half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, viz.	349,679	0	7			
				360,845	8	10
				£27,159,500	13	1
CR.						
By Cash on hand at Head Office and Branches, and with Bank of England	2,715,601	9	2			
Cash placed at Call and at Notice covered by Securities	2,731,937	2	8			
				5,447,538	11	10
Investments, viz.:						
Government and Guaranteed Stocks	2,822,997	18	9			
Colonial Government and other Stocks and Securities	279,317	12	6			
				3,102,315	11	3
Discounted Bills and Advances to Customers in Town and Country	15,706,005	18	0			
Liabilities of Customers for Drafts accepted by the Bank (as per Contra)	2,233,925	2	10			
				17,939,931	0	10
Freehold Premises in Lombard Street and Nicholas Lane, Freehold and Leasehold Property at the Branches, with Fixtures and Fittings				482,802	19	8
Interest paid to Customers				52,296	18	5
Salaries and all other expenses at Head Office and Branches, including Income-tax on Profits and Salaries				134,615	11	1
				£27,159,500	13	1

DR. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	£	s.	d.
To Interest paid to Customers, as above	52,296	18	5
Expenses, as above	134,615	11	1
Rebate on Bills not due, carried to New Account	39,876	19	3
Dividend of 8 per cent. for half-year	120,000	0	0
Balance carried forward	14,056	0	1
	£360,845	8	10
CR.			
By Balance brought forward from last Account	11,166	8	3
Gross Profit for the half-year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts	349,679	0	7
	£360,845	8	10

We, the undersigned, have examined the foregoing Balance Sheet, and have found the same to be correct.

(Signed)
MUNGO McGEORGE,
WILLIAM NORMAN,
RICHARD H. SWAINE, } Auditors.

London and County Bank,
July 26, 1877.

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Notice is hereby given, that a Dividend on the Capital of the Company, at the rate of 8 per cent. for the Half-year ended June 30, 1877, will be Payable to the Proprietors, either at the Head Office, 21 Lombard Street, or at any of the Company's Branches, on or after Monday, the 13th instant.

By Order of the Board,
W. McKEWAN,
General Manager.

21 Lombard Street:
August 3, 1877.

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